REAL WEST

STILL ONLY 50¢

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CHARLTON PUBLICATION

True Tales of the American Frontier

MARCH 1976

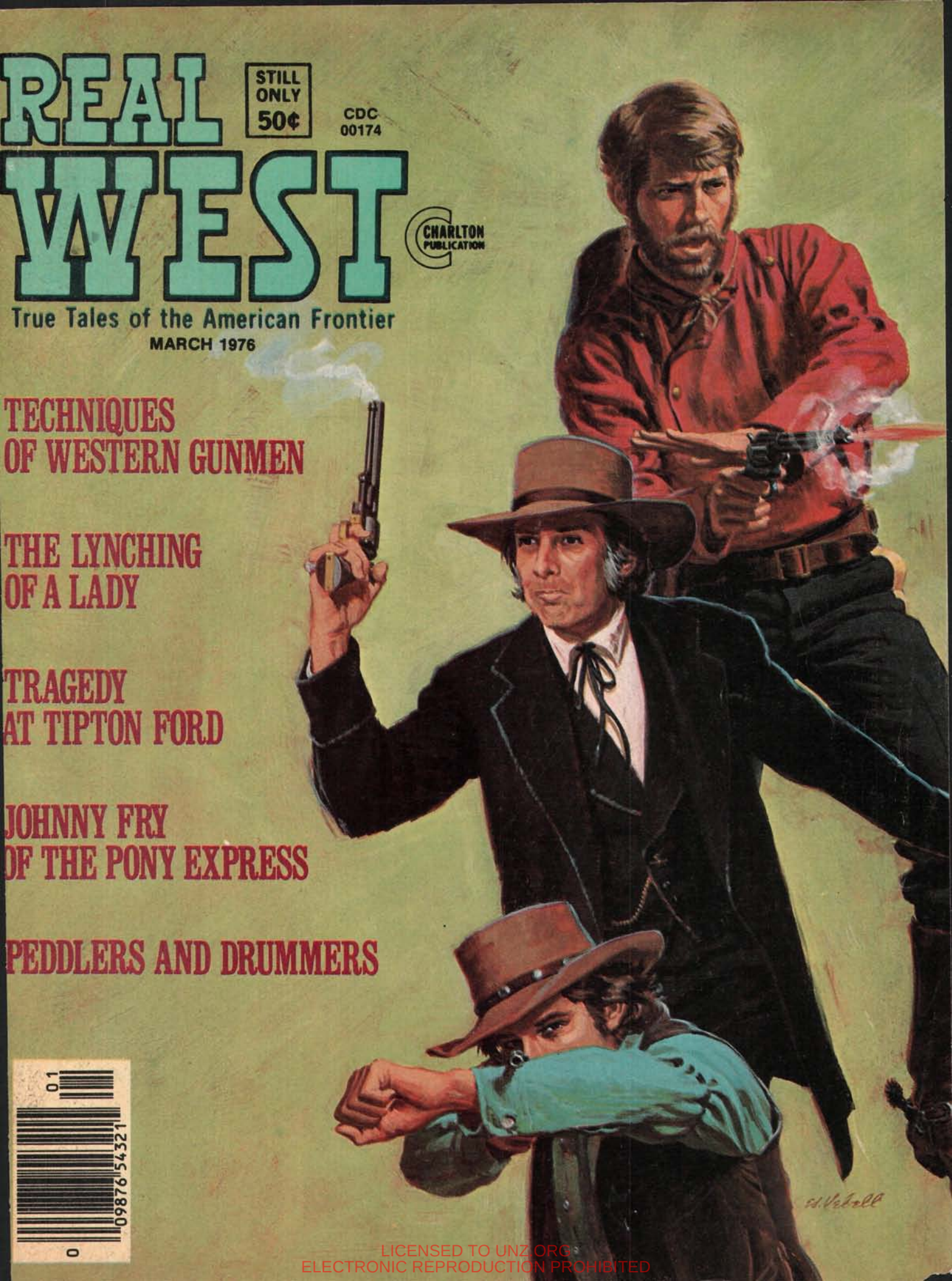
TECHNIQUES OF WESTERN GUNMEN

THE LYNCHING OF A LADY

TRAGEDY AT TIPTON FORD

JOHNNY FRY OF THE PONY EXPRESS

PEDDLERS AND DRUMMERS



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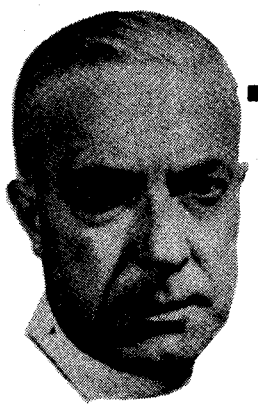

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 14875
50 BOND STREET • WESTBURY, N. Y. 11590

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $1 deposit. I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

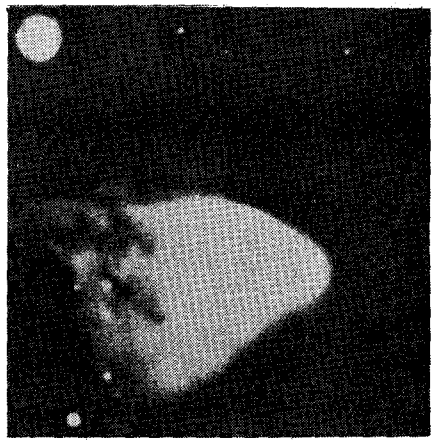
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

S.A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., Dept. E14875
50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

Name _____
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REAL WEST

Mar. 1976 No. 144 Vol. 19

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches... protecting yourself against sickness... securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business... winning happiness and love... reading the thoughts of others ... and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D—— J—— W— N-- T—— I- M- L—."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y- k— I l— y—." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p—— u—— l—." Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b—— t- m— o- p— h— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

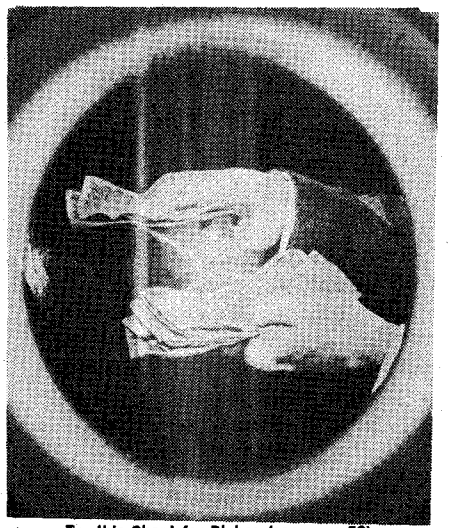
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o— w— c—— p— a— c— s— a— p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i—— m- m— a— b— c— w— t- p—— p—— o- r—— g— h——" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t— s— o- o— t—— d—— s- I c— p— t- s——," The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

ISLAND PARK BOOK CO., Dept. 168A
55A Saratoga Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of MIND COSMOLOGY by Norvell! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

KUDOS FOR BREIHAN

Dear Editor,

I wish to express my comments on the fine work Carl W. Breihan has been doing. I read one item by him in the November issue, "Eyewitness Account: Death of Bob Ford." I never read a more interesting article. I have read many of his stories and enjoyed them all. He was my first author when I began to follow up on the old West and its bad men.

My favorite history on the old outlaws has been Jesse James, his family, and how he lived and died. Many false statements have been written about him, which are somewhat untrue, but at each scale, one can weigh the truth.

Thank you for printing my little say in your November issue which I read of J.J.'s reincarnation. This just couldn't be true.

Would like to see more of Mr. Breihan's work.

Thank you kindly,
James C. Glazner
2404 McCroskey Ave.
Knoxville, TN 37917

REMEMBERED: KERMIT MAYNARD

Dear Editor,

Enjoyed extra more your April edition of 1975. The Real West Movie Hall of Fame honored the late Kermit Maynard. And I wish to add this vital memo of Maynard: he starred in a 1930's Monogram western, *The Red Badge of Courage*. And the red-headed heroine opposite Kermit was newcomer Ann Sheridan, who was a Texan, like Kermit, and was born Clara Lou Sheridan. Quite a coincidence, no? Of course, Lucky Ann Sheridan moved up in several years to star for Warner Bros. when Paramount Pictures refused to renew Ann's contract. Like so many other brothers, either in sports or show business, Kermit Maynard was handicapped by being Ken Maynard's brother, same as was Bill Cagney to more famous James Cagney. Ralph Morgan, a good stage actor, never made it as big like brother Frank did in the movies, nor did Jack Randall, brother of the more popular cowboy star, Robert Livingston. Kermit Maynard should have been one of the ten top cowboy stars during the great 1930's.

However the late, popular Kermit Maynard is still recalled by those of us past 55 years of age, as one of the Depression-days movie theater weekly feature attractions that never failed to give the patrons a good show. They sure don't or never will give us the likes of the Maynard brothers, also Bob Steele, Col. Tim McCoy, Johnny Mack Brown, Tom Keene, Randy Scott, Richard Allen, George O'Brien and Harry Carey.

John Barr,
140 Ellis St.
S.F. CA 94102

'OLD' WEST IS NOT DEAD

Dear Editor,

People who think the 'old west' is long gone are mistaken. Here in the Pacific northwest they have a genuine "shoot-out" every now and then. On the night of August 11, 1975, about a dozen young people went out in the country after dark near Cashmere, Wash., and proceeded to settle a dispute just as they did in the old west — with rifles, shotguns and pistols. When it was over, two were dead and two or more injured. What the dispute was about hasn't been determined (police haven't found out), but two fellows are in the Cross Bar Hotel, charged with murder. Several months ago two or three men had a "shoot-out" up at Oroville, Washington, in upper Okarogan County, and two were killed in this "shoot-out." A western newsman once told me, and I believe him, "just when things are real quiet, be prepared for the worst." It works 75 percent of the time.

W. Thayer
Box 2175
Wenatchee, WA 98801 ●RW

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—*you* are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their *master in you!* You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as *if nothing had happened!*

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people *from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors,* rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them *to like you, please you . . . and automatically* want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for *money, love, healing, protection, and much more!*

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

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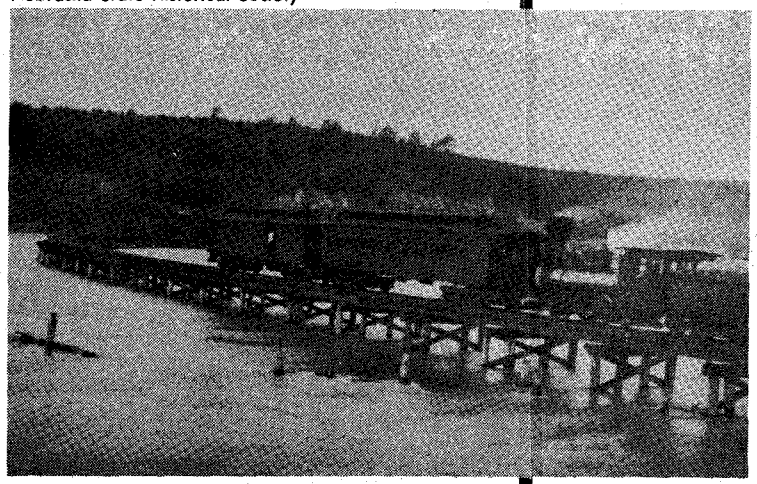

THE LYNCHING OF A LADY

by Budington Swanson

Tombstones of Tom Jones and Elizabeth Taylor in the Spring Ranch cemetery. Bridge is similar to the one from which Elizabeth Taylor and Tom Jones were hanged.

After Liz Taylor (this one died around 1885) got her husband, Jim, to turn ownership of the ranch over to her, she showed him how to make it pay. Soon after, poor Jim died, then Liz really 'went to town.' Too many people around her died mysteriously, or maybe her lynchers resented her success; but this tells the story of why she was hanged.

There were those who said she was not a lady, but she was a woman; of that there could be no question of semantics. Her name was Liz Taylor. She was 36, a descendant of sturdy Welch stock, plump and pert, with a contralto laugh for the roving eyes of men.

Originally she was christened Elizabeth Jones, but she married Jim Taylor, a Missourian. In 1872 they migrated to Nebraska. On April 24 of that year, Taylor put the plow to the prairie sod after filing for his first 75 acres of land. Together Liz and Jim dug a sod house for their living quarters, building a barn and other outbuildings of split timber. Their homestead was near the Little Blue River, some two miles east of the little village of Spring Ranch in southeast Nebraska not far from the Oregon Trail.

Over the years, between the harrow and the harvest, three children were born — two sons, Bill and John, and a daughter, Maggie. This held the interest of Liz for a while, but in the end she concluded that it only added up to more hard work. She became depressed and moody. Her husband tried to cheer her up, but he did not have much

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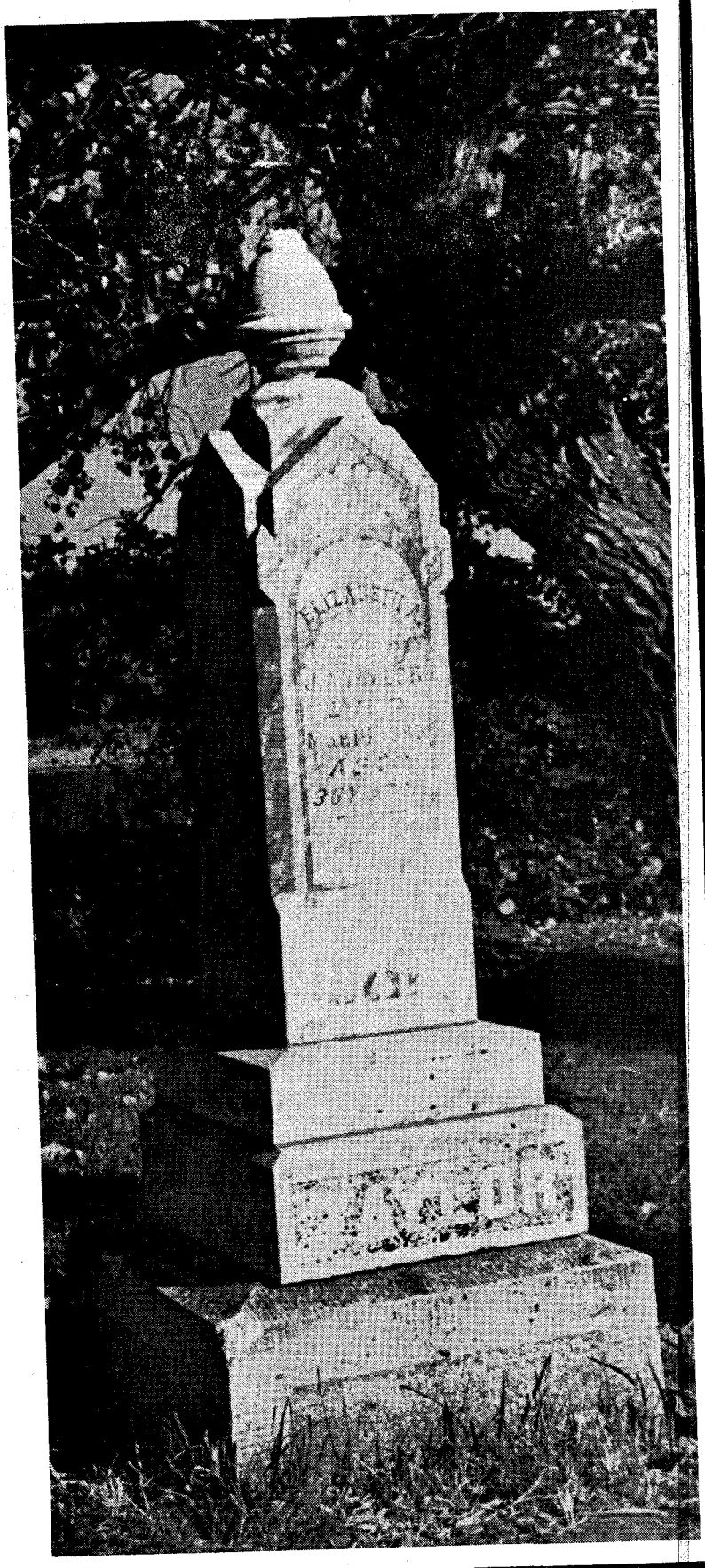

success.

"It's so lonely out here," Liz complained. "The neighbors are so far away — and they aren't very friendly. I miss my own people."

"Well, why not have your dad come out for a while?" Taylor suggested.

This seemed to be just the tonic Liz needed, but instead of taking the remedy as prescribed, she more than doubled the dosage. She not only invited her father, but also her brothers, Tom Jones, and half of her other hillbilly kinfolks as well.

Taylor's troubles began to multiply with the arrival of his wife's relatives. Their "short stay" turned out to be a boarding-house billet. But he was an easygoing, close-mouthed man and said nothing. At about this time outside rumbles set in, coming from the neighbors. They were sure that the Taylor cattle, mules, and pigs were breaking down and rooting up their fences. Damages were demanded and bills presented.

Usually Taylor paid the claims without question, but his wife did not like it.

"What's the matter with you?" she ragged him. "You know we can't hardly pay our own bills — let alone these three-handed swindlers."

The weak-willed husband of straw hesitated before making a reply, apparently lacking the kidney to say they would not be so short of cash if there were not so many feet under the dining room table. When he finally spoke, he tried to reason with her.

"Now, Liz, we have to get along with our neighbors. They—"

"Neighbors, hell!" she stormed, cutting him up the middle. "They're just a bunch of bill beaters. You know you sold them livestock on credit, and they promised to pay after the crops came in. Well, the harvest's come and gone — and so's our money!"

Taylor nodded abstractly. He wanted to get away from her; to go back to the field behind the plow, with a horse and a dog. That was something he knew. He could not understand the ambition of a woman.

There were other verbal tugs of war. They always ended the same; he backed down. It was the easy way out. He did not like the children to hear all the shouting and yelling. Picking up his hat, he would make some excuse to go out to the barn, or slop the pigs, or perform some other chore until he felt his manhood had come back.

Their relationship, lukewarm at best, now turned completely cold. What little love Liz had for him changed to disdain. She could not stand a man "who had a fishworm for a backbone," as she put it.

Eventually Liz got her way. This came about in the form of a new law passed by the Nebraska Legislature called the "married woman's property act," one of the first steps toward female freedom. This statute permitted a husband to deed his real and personal property over to his wife. When Liz heard about it, she was the first woman in Nebraska to seek liberation.

Jim Taylor, the condemned man, ate a hearty breakfast, and then his wife removed his plate. She shoved a legal-looking piece of paper and a pen in front of him.

"You've made a mess of running the place," she said. "Now let me try it."

Taylor signed without a word, and hurried out to the barn.

As bosswoman, Liz's new broom swept clean. She made her own business deals. Always driving a hard bargain, she handled livestock sales, fence lines, grazing rights, timber claims, and the use of water. Interest was added for credit and mortgages taken until payment was made. Outstanding debts were collected, often with the help of the courts. When legal action failed to produce results on the deadbeats, strong-arm methods were employed, with brother Tom Jones and the hired man acting as bully boys. Homesteaders in the Little Blue Valley and around Spring Ranch got the word — and it was not good. They resented Liz and her hammerhead tactics, but there was nothing they could do about it.

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Liz was a good businesswoman, and under her guidance the Taylor ranch prospered. Whether it was her good fortune, a change of heart, or something else in mind, at any rate she bought her husband a new "Sunday suit." Poor Jim did not know he would wear it to his own funeral. His sudden death was a shroud of mystery. But it was no puzzle to the settlers in the valley. They said she poisoned him, pouring paris green over his gruel, instead of spraying it on her potato patch.

A few weeks after her husband's death, Liz's elderly father became ill. Again rumors circulated that he was probably suffering frm the same "ailment" that took the late Jim Taylor's life. Regular visits from a doctor, however, soon allayed these suspicions.

The worry of tending her father during his illness and the hard work of being a bosswoman were wearing Liz down. She talked to her brother about it, habitually making her deals around eating time.

"Tom," she told him, "taking care of Dad and running this place is more than I can handle. How about you helping out? I'll make you a partner."

Tom Jones glanced at the empty can of paris green in the corner of the room, and he knew that he was in a corner, too. But he had no other place to go. He would have to take the risk and he made up his mind quickly.

"All right, Sis," he said, gulping down the last of his food and scurrying off to the barn, hoping his fate would be kinder than that of his brother - in - law's.

With Tom taking over some of the operation of her business affairs, Liz had more time to spend in Spring Ranch. She was frequently seen in town on shopping trips, buying supplies for the Taylor homestead. The widow still had a good figure, and the hangers-on feasted their famished eyes on her rumpy jounce as she passed on the street.

"I hear she's a good cooker," said Rees T. Rees, the country's most eligible bachelor, winking at his companions.

"I hear she's a good —," chirped one of the loiterers, mouthing a coarse rhyming word, and everyone guffawed uproariously.

The Widow Taylor soon had suitors by the score. Men were seen coming and going from her soddy as though it were a land office. This created more backbiting as the maids - in - waiting were tired of waiting, and now they found it difficult to compete with a "whispered woman."

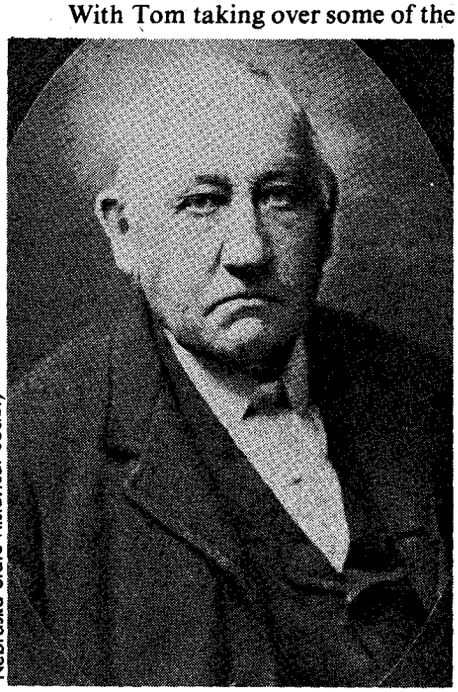
Rees was the only male who made much progress during the courtship. He got more than his foot in the door. The slippery swain got both feet under the table several times for supper invitations, but that was all he got. When all other doors were closed, he proposed matrimony in desperation.

Liz turned him down, making another enemy. Rees was thunderstruck. He could not believe his ears. Later he told his friends he wondered if he should get a hearing aid and try again, to see if he heard right. He was so furious, though, that he did ride over to Hastings, some 20 miles to the northwest, to see William Gaslin who presided over the Fifth Judicial District.

The judge was a crusty individual, nervy enough to sentence Print Olive, the notorious outlaw cattleman, to life imprisonment six years ago — and he was still alive. His main malaise was the Nebraska Supreme Court, which seemed to be forever overruling his decisions.

Rees told his story, as well as any irrelevant yarn he thought might help build his case. He told of the mystery surrounding Jim Taylor's death; of the parade of men seen coming and going from the ranch (neglecting to mention, however, that he had been rejected in marriage); of Liz having the temerity to collect overdue debts; and he ended his high-blown dissertation with the latest piece of gossip.

"And now ol' Ben Bethlemer, her last hired man, has disappeared," he concluded. "I tell you, she's a reg'lar black widow. Can't *you* do something Judge?"



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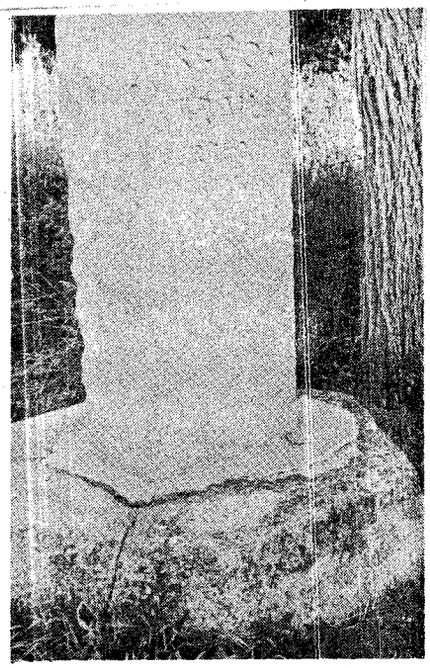
Judge Wm. Gaslin.



Omaha World-Herald Photo

Oregon Trail marker at Spring Ranch.

Gaslin had listened patiently, and now he held up both hands as though a gun were stuck in his ribs.

"I'm afraid not. All you've got is pure hearsay. No *corpus delecti.*"

Rees squinted his puzzlement. "*Corpus,* huh? Hell, Judge, we figgered she used paris green."

The judge's eyes rolled back in his head as though he were beseeching help from above.

"No, no, no! You have no basic facts necessary to the commission of a crime. A corpse, for example, a dead body."

Ress scowled his disappointment.

"Ain't nothing you can do then, Judge?"

The magistrate's gloom was almost as heavy as that of Rees.

"I don't know what. Besides, even if we *could* get a conviction, the sanctimonious Supreme Court would override *my* decision."

During the months that followed, nothing changed in the Little Blue Valley. Liz continued to rule the nest, and all the neighbors could do was complain about it to one another. The rumors, half-truths, and innuendoes concerning the widow and her brother spread to the school ground. The three Taylor children engaged in frequent fights with the other youngsters. Weary of almost daily black eyes and fat lips, Liz finally paid a call on the schoolmarm and got her straightened out.

In 1884, the Ed Roberts family, also from Wales, came to Spring Ranch, settling on 85 acres of land bordering the Taylor place. Possibly because of the ancestral bond between them, Liz became their friend. Some time later, Roberts was permitted to use some of the Taylor

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land for grazing.

The friendship continued until another one of the Taylor hired hands strangely disappeared. The "bug killer" syndrome was telegraphed on every tongue again. Roberts, of course, heard about it, as well as about Jim Taylor's baffling demise. He thought it might be wise to sever his Welsh relationship with the lissome Liz before he, too, became afflicted. A few days later, he pulled his stock off her range and tried to settle up.

"What do I owe you?" he asked.

Liz was surprised.

"You weren't on very long. Anything wrong?"

"No-o-o," he answered slowly, trying to ease out on tiptoes. "The grass was sure good. Fattened 'em up in a hurry."

"We'll, there'll be no charge for such a short time, Ed. Besides, we're Welsh *cymydogs.*"

Roberts left, wondering if he had made a mistake in listening to his other *cymydogs* (neighbors). Early the next year, in 1885, he found out that Liz could scratch as well as purr. She got out an injunction against him and a friend, Joseph Beyer, in a dispute over a timber claim. The case hung fire in the court for weeks.

Meanwhile, Roberts and Beyer needed lumber. Taking their chances, they entered the timbered section and began cutting wood. Liz often accompanied her sons, Bill and John, when they went squirrel hunting, and on this day they caught the woodchoppers at work. The widow alleged they were trespassing on her property.

"So this is how you repay me, Ed," she said contemptuously.

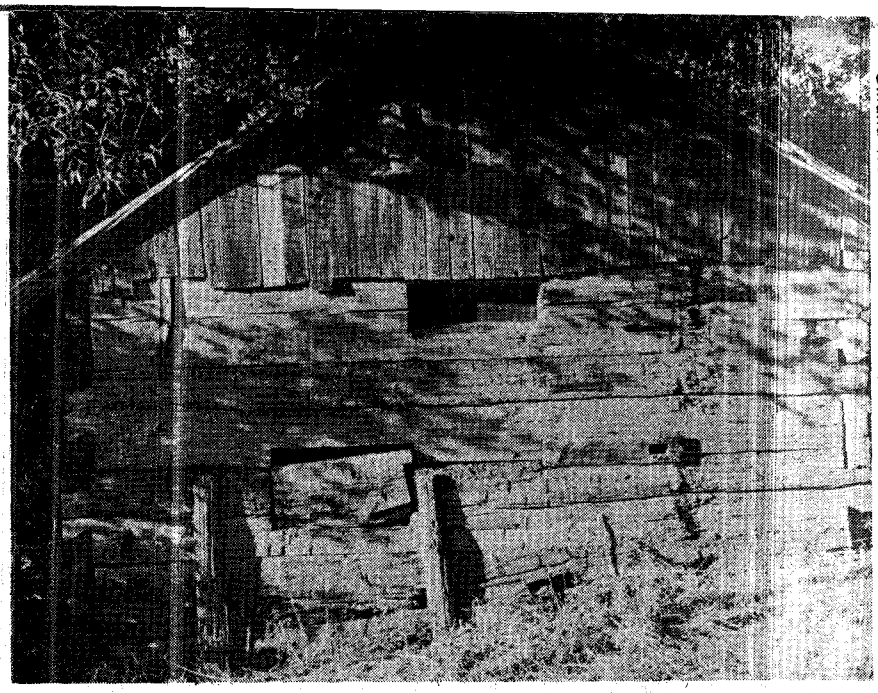
Roberts hung his head, but managed a feeble rebuttal.

"Aw, we were just getting a little wood to replace Joe's barn that burned down."

No one knows for sure just what happened, but in the fracas that followed, Roberts was shot and killed, whereupon Joe Beyer took to his scampers. The two Taylor boys were charged with the crime inasmuch as they shared the squirrel gun. They were jailed in Clay Center, the county seat of Clay County.

Rees T. Rees lost no time in getting to work. He rode up and down the valley, organizing a vigilance committee. They gave Liz and Tom Jones 30 days to "clear the country."

The Widow Taylor, of course, paid no heed to the warning. She had too strong a foothold in the new land to give it up now. Her roots were down, and they ran deep.



Omaha World-Herald Photo

The Pony Express station at Spring Ranch withers into decay, a sorry reminder of the old days of glory.

When it became apparent that Liz and her brother had no intention of quitting the country on their own accord, the vigilantes decided to take the law into their own hands. About 85 night riders, many of them holding torches, rode toward the river. In the moonlight their shadows trailed them, and looking back they saw themselves in the spooky specter; this time, perhaps, in a different light. As they came closer to the Taylor place, one of the leading horsemen pulled up.

"It's pretty light," he muttered in a croaky voice. "They can see our faces."

He turned around and rode back. One by one, the other followed, riding away from their dark shadows.

They had failed the first time, but they would try again. They could not afford to let the "black widow" get the upper hand again, or she would eat them all up. Around midnight of March 14, 1885, the vigilantes rode once more. This time their number had been reduced to 50, but they were masked. They gathered in a field about two miles east of Spring Ranch, not far off the Oregon Trail, and made their plans.

A hundred yards from the Taylor ranch, they spurred their horses into a gallop. Their arrival was announced by thunderous hoofbeats pounding over the roof of the soddy, cascading a shower of loose dirt inside. The leader of the masked men yelled for the occupants to show themselves.

They were surprised to see a covey of customers come out, holding their hands in the air. None of them were apparently armed. They included "Texas Bill" Foster, Nelson Cellery, N.C. Clark, a gent called Ferrell, and a young lad named Luther Wiggins. Each was advised to leave the country on his fastest horse or, preferably, even swifter means of locomotion.

The vigilantes were really not interested in this clutch of cock-adoodlers they had flushed from the roost. They wanted the widow and her brother. Tom Jones was dressed; Liz was said to be in her nightgown. She was permitted to return to the soddy for a shawl. When she came out again, one of the men stepped up and jerked the shawl from her shoulders.

"Now she looks more natural," he jeered above the raucous laughter.

They made a *"prima facie"* case of it, and it is uncertain if a kind of rump trial was held. The various crimes that Liz and her brother were accused of were ticked off. Liz vigorously denied all the charges except one. She did admit that she had persuaded her brother to hire a man to burn a neighbor's barn.

Joe Beyer yelped with rage. "That was *my* barn, damnit! String 'em up ... string 'em up!"

"Yeah, let's git goin'," another said. "I told the old lady I'd be home by midnight."

"Got any last words?" the chief of the committee inquired gruffly, addressing the pale sister and brother.

Liz Taylor knew that her hour had come. She realized it was useless to beg for compassion. Clenching her knuckle-white fingers together, she dropped to her knees and began to recite a prayer she seldom had occasion to use.

(continued on page 62)

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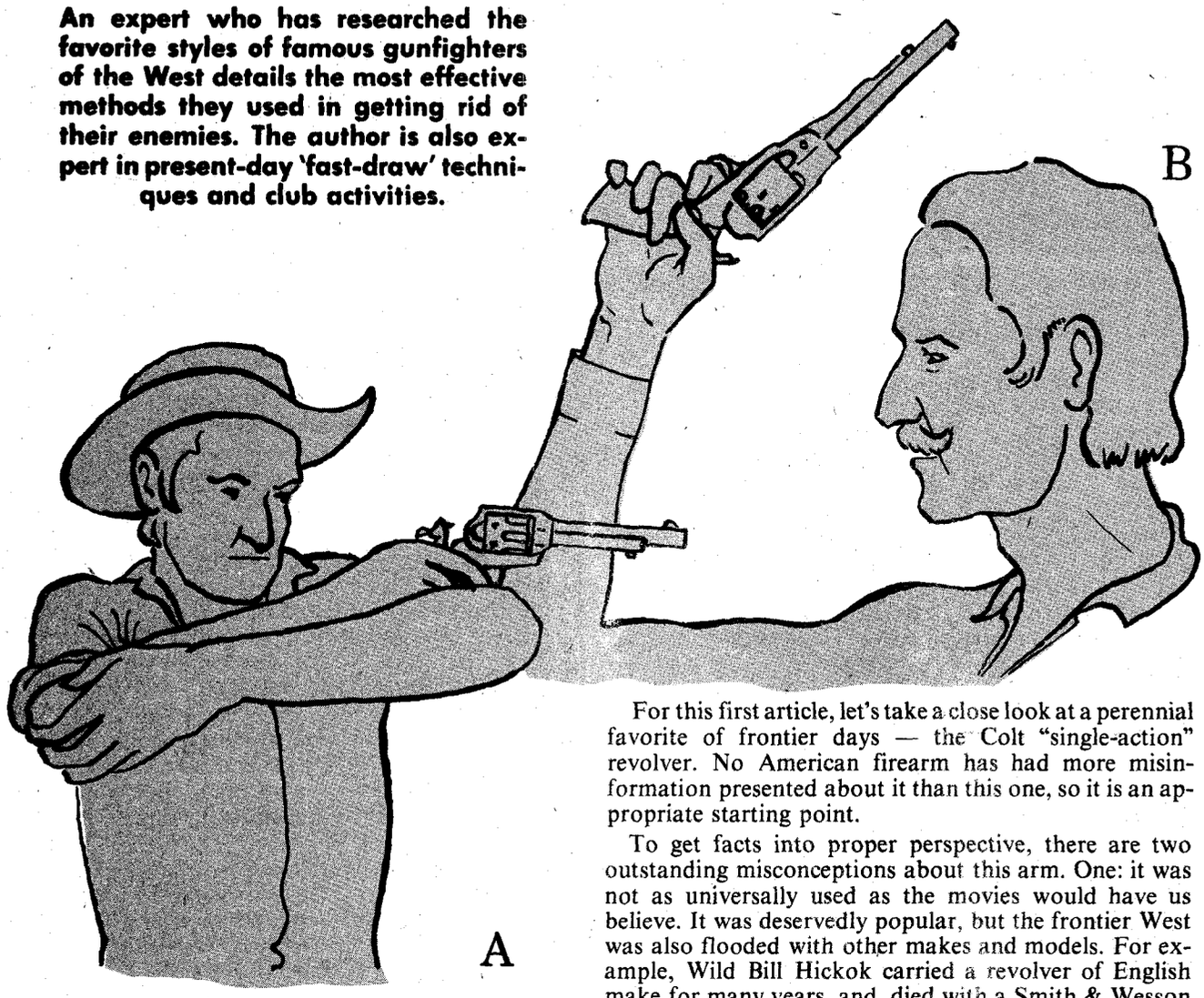
by
Major R. O. Ackerman

TECHNIQUES OF

An expert who has researched the favorite styles of famous gunfighters of the West details the most effective methods they used in getting rid of their enemies. The author is also expert in present-day 'fast-draw' techniques and club activities.



In many articles about outstanding incidents in the history of the West, there is frequently one factor that is underemphasized, if not ignored. There is a complete lack of detail concerning the gunfight which so often is the high point of the episode. The autumn colors on the background hills may be described blowingly — then the key action is dismissed with the information that Smith met Jones and shot him.

Shot him with what? A flintlock blunderbuss, a derringer, a target pistol? Was the gunslinger a cross-draw artist, a fanner or a slip-hammer expert? I feel that any reader interested in western history would like to know. A gun editor receives hundreds of such questions, so there is enough interest to warrant some clarification of basic principles — techniques which meant the difference between life and death.

Therefore, from time to time, I will describe some of these techniques. This may conflict with the popular conception as seen on TV. However, if the truth is sometimes less glamorous than fiction, there are other cases where no screen writer's imagination could equal what really happened.

For this first article, let's take a close look at a perennial favorite of frontier days — the Colt "single-action" revolver. No American firearm has had more misinformation presented about it than this one, so it is an appropriate starting point.

To get facts into proper perspective, there are two outstanding misconceptions about this arm. One: it was not as universally used as the movies would have us believe. It was deservedly popular, but the frontier West was also flooded with other makes and models. For example, Wild Bill Hickok carried a revolver of English make for many years, and died with a Smith & Wesson on him. Billy the Kid used Colt single actions, but often preferred the Colt "Lightning" model with its bird's head grip (some say because of his small hands). The list is endless.

The other myth is that differences were settled by two steely-eyed men facing each other, and the victor was the one who was a fraction of a second faster. Every time this scene is shown, thousands of old-timers turn over in their graves. They are the poor jaspers who were dry-gulched from behind a watering trough.

The number of famous shoot-outs that actually followed that Hollywood pattern could be counted on one hand. There were some gunmen who practiced their fast draw, and a few even devised special equipment for the purpose. But in most fights, how *well* they could shoot was more important than speed of draw.

Hickok was undoubtedly one of the best, but his emphasis was always on accuracy. He seldom even wore a holster, and most photographs show him with his revolver stuck in a sash. When killed by Jack McCall, a very responsible source has said that his gun was in his pocket!

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WESTERN GUNMEN

One classic story of Hickok illustrates his unconventional methods. He knew that an enemy was gunning for him. The two saw each other on the street when still separated by a distance of a city block or more.

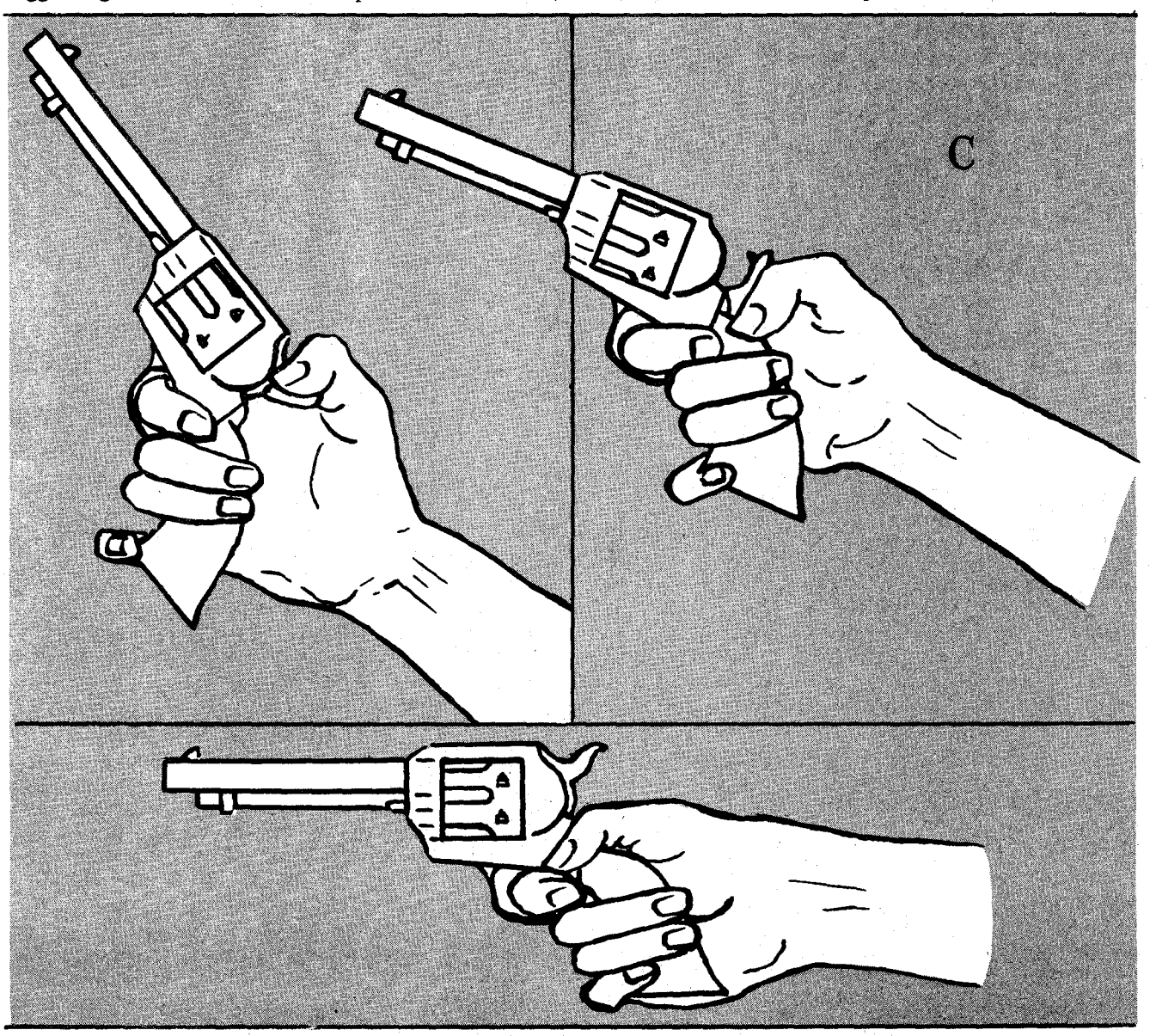
Bill calmly drew his revolver, laid it across his left arm for a steady rest, and squeezed off one careful shot. The fight was over before his adversary knew it had begun.

Drawing "A" shows one of the best methods of doing this, though there are a variety of two-hand holds. In one of these, the shooter is seated with both arms resting on his knees. You won't see this one on TV, but it is almost as steady as a rifle.

One only has to study original early "gun rigs" (belts and holsters) to see that the fast draw was beyond the capability of the average westerner. With the exceptions mentioned before, the usual holster was merely a means of carrying a revolver. The leather was seldom very thick, and sometimes quite limp. There was no cut-out for the trigger finger on the first holsters for percussion revolvers, although this refinement was soon added.

From Mexico came the "buscadero" rig—a wide cartridge belt with drop loops below the bottom edge, to give the holsters a lower position. Most ornately decorated gunbelts are of this type, and it has been universally adopted by the entertainment world. This style is generally of stiffer construction, adapting it to a quick draw without necessarily needing tie-down thongs on the holsters.

The next step in this evolution was the development of a thick leather open-top holster with a steel stiffener built into it. This maintains the desired angle to hold the gun butt out away from the body. The better police holsters are now of this type. More particularly, the idea is used in custom-made rigs for the modern competitive sport of fast draw. Using single-action revolvers, fast-draw club members draw against an electronic timing device, firing blanks. In another contest, wax bullets are fired to combine speed of draw with a hit on a target. No live ammunition is allowed in this sport.



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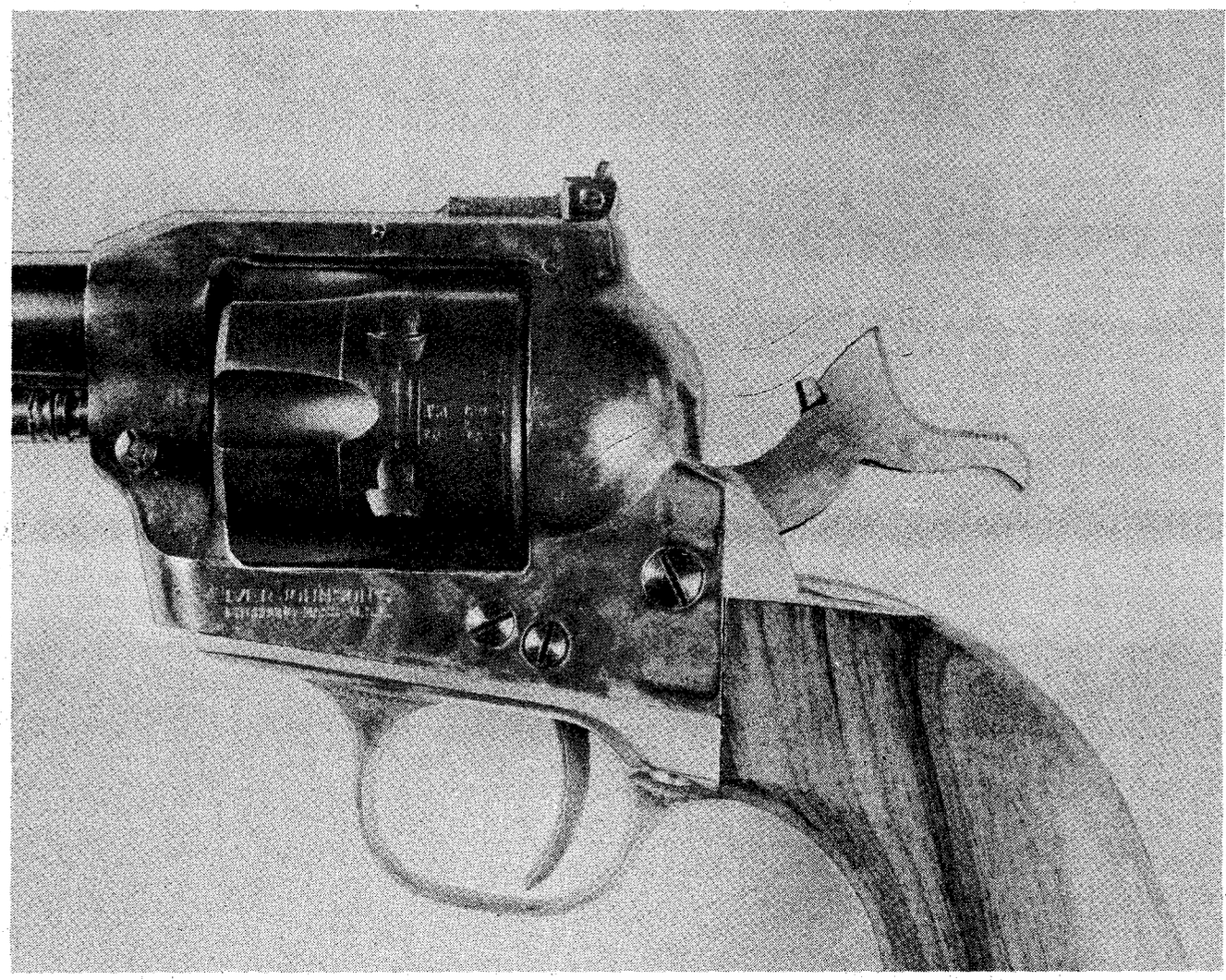

Photo by author

The "Cattleman" revolver of Iver Johnson follows original design in every respect, except for the positive "safety disconnect" added to the hammer. (See text.)

These contestants are good, and some of their modern feats would make an old-time frontiersman's eyes pop. They are responsible for the development of various new innovations in gun rigs.

The revolver around which all of this centers is a venerable model, introduced in 1873. Variously known as the Colt Single-Action Army Model, Colt Frontier Six-shooter, etc., the century-old model P (its official factory name) is noted for its ruggedness. Its classic lines are copied from the earlier percussion Colt revolvers and have been much imitated by other manufacturers, here and abroad. That big, ponderous hammer and early-style grip have become synonymous with the old West and its fascinating history.

For the benefit of those readers who have never had an opportunity to handle one, permit me to very briefly explain the working of this classic old six-gun. To begin with, there are many other single-action revolvers, but they go by their model names. When we speak of "a single action", we usually refer to a Model P.

The term "single action" refers to the function of the trigger. In a double-action revolver, the trigger cocks the hammer and releases it in one long pull. In a single-action arm it has the function of dropping the hammer only — cocking must be done manually for each shot.

The cartridges are inserted in the cylinder chambers, one by one through a loading gate on the right side of the frame. Fired cases are removed through the same gate with the aid of the spring-loaded ejector rod underneath the barrel. Putting the hammer in the half-cock position permits the cylinder to turn freely for loading or unloading. It is standard procedure to load a Colt single action with five cartridges, leaving an empty chamber under the hammer for safety in carrying. Cocking the hammer will turn the first loaded chamber into firing position. More on this point later.

These, then, are the basic principles of the famous Colt single action. Its simplicity, as well as its sturdy design, account for its reputation for rugged reliability under hard use.

This action, with its fewer moving parts, presents only occasional problems with maintenance or repair. On the other hand, the efficient handling of a single action in use is much more complex than with a modern revolver. To fire one more rapidly than the other fellow, one can see the necessity for special techniques of handling to be developed. These are standardized under several categories, each with its own name. Some early gunslingers became adept at all of them, while others picked one method and concentrated upon perfecting their mastery of that one.

First, let's look at the once popular term of "throwing down" on an adversary. Even today, some less-experienced pistol shooters raise the firearm clear above their shoulder before each shot. With any metallic-cartridge arm, this is purely wasted motion.

This is a throwback to the days of percussion revolvers. It was often done then to permit fragments of fired percussion caps to drop free, so

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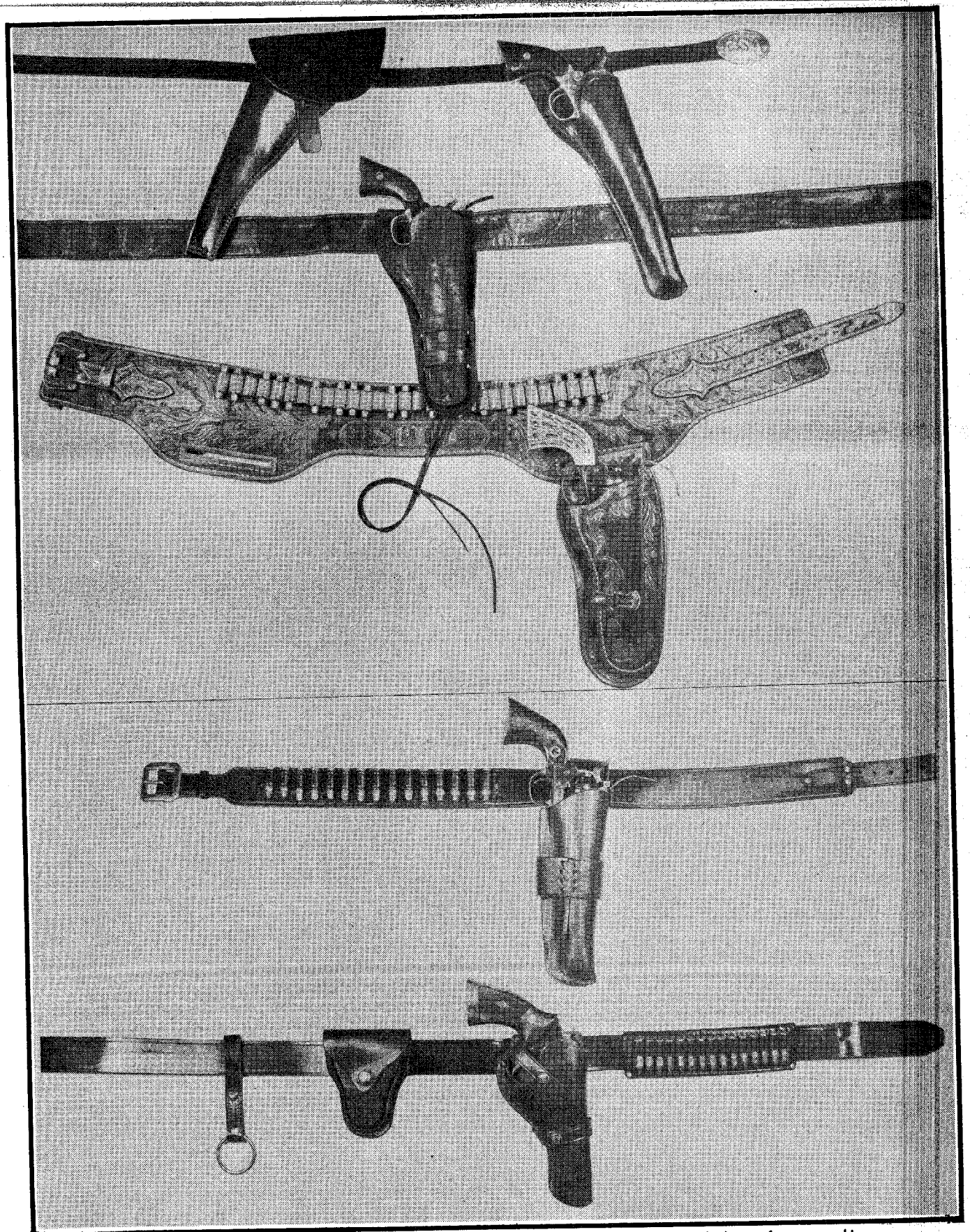

These holsters and gun rigs span nearly a century and a half. Top left: A cavalry holster of type used in the Indian wars. Top right: percussion revolver holster of 1840-1850. Next: soft leather holster of about 1875. Next: A tooler buscadero belt, from about 1920 to present. Next: A more modern rig with a steel-reinforced Lawrence holster for a single action. Bottom: A police gunbelt of today, with a double-action Magnum revolver. Note hammer thongs on three center holsters, to avoid losing the arm on horseback.

they would not clog the cylinder mechanism and prevent it from turning. See drawing "B."

When the breech-loading single action became popular, this motion was greatly modified. However, it still helps in fast cocking to raise the muzzle and flip the barrel down as the hammer is drawn back. The weight of

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the gun does the cocking. The less the aim is disturbed by this rocking motion, the more experience the shooter has evidently had.

This leads to the use of a "slip-hammer" Colt, which is the best compromise when speed is desired with minimum loss of accuracy. See the series of drawings at "C."

This can be done with any single action, by holding the trigger back throughout the operation. However, most early experts modified the revolver for the purpose. This consisted of either taping back the trigger to make it inoperative, or more likely removing it altogether. The knurling on the hammer spur was filed smooth. Sometimes this spur was altered to make it shorter and lower.

Raising the muzzle, the second joint of the thumb (not the ball) is curled over the hammer spur. Placing the little finger under the grip gives added control.

As the weight of the barrel is thrown forward and down, the hammer is easily cocked. For this, the mainspring should be no heavier than necessary.

The thumb slides sideways to a position bracing the side of the frame, and the released hammer fires the Colt just as it is leveled. Recoil raises the barrel and the cycle is repeated.

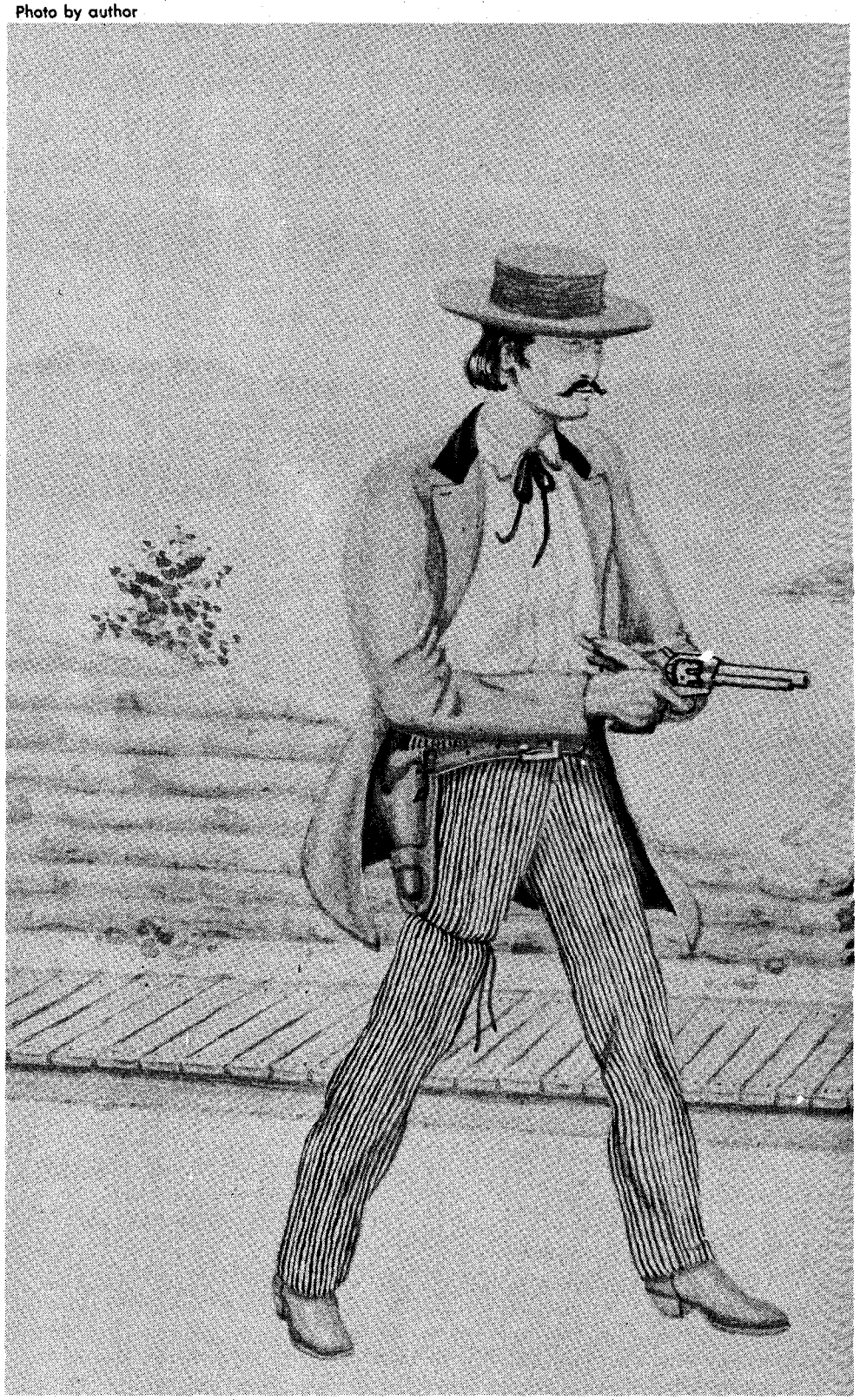
Nearly half a century ago, I was fortunate enough to know some of the old-timers who were then still around. These were not famous killers — just working riders who had felt undressed without a single action strapped on. While some were better than others, the long familiarity was evident in all of these men.

One whom I particularly remember, here in the Southwest, had been in law enforcement. It was he who taught me slip-hammer lore, and his demonstration with a loaded .44-40 was something I'll never forget.

Probably impatient with a boy's first clumsiness, he told me to watch closely. The worn walnut grip slid into his hand like it was part of him. Casually the Colt was leveled. With the rattle of a machine gun, five shots were emptied in about two seconds, all hitting a fruit crate the size of a man's torso. The time is no exaggeration — the late Ed McGivern regularly did it in less than that, and with a much smaller target!

McGivern devoted his life to a study of what is possible with a revolver, and what isn't. We are indebted to his memory for the separation of fact from fancy, and his exhibitions of fast shooting help us to better understand the early gunfighter.

Photo by author



One of McGivern's stunts was shooting a slip-hammer Colt with both hands, using the right thumb. The hold was so steady that it permitted five-shot groups on a playing card. He used electronic timing devices.

An even faster method was fanning, trimming time down to one and a half seconds. But this had the disadvantage of being very hard on the mechanism. And unless you were Ed McGivern, accuracy was pretty poor.

In this method, familiar to any readers, the gun arm was braced rigidly against the body. The trigger again was held back or removed, and the heel of the other hand slapped the hammer back repeatedly, not a popular method in spite of its speed, as both Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson wrote in their later years.

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Iver Johnson's .22 "Cattleman" is a suggested means of learning to handle an authentic western single-action revolver. The interchangeable spare cylinder transforms the arm into a .22 magnum.

Photo by author

R. O. Ackerman

Masterson was fast, and Doc Holliday was faster, but an observation of Wyatt Earp's in later life is worth remembering. He said that the deadliest fighters were not necessarily the fastest. They were the deliberate ones — who made sure never to fumble a move and never to miss a shot. Earp lived by that rule. He was never flashy or spectacular, but he outlived all the others.

Earp died as a respected businessman in 1929, just before his 81st birthday. Masterson was another cool head. When he died in 1921, he had been a New York sportswriter for many years.

They tell some funny stories about Bat Masterson. One concerns his habit in his newspaper years of buying up old six-guns cheaply at junk shops. Whenever some young hero-worshipper begged for a gun that Bat had used in his wilder days, he would be presented with one of these four-dollar relics, and Bat could get his work done in peace.

Earp, Masterson and several other leading gunfighters were presented with Colt single actions by Ned Buntline, who wrote many dime novels about famous characters of the West. The odd thing is that Ned ordered these with extra long barrels, twelve inches in length. Such an arm is now known as a Buntline Special. While the other recipients quickly cut their barrels down to handier lengths, Earp left his as it was. He never seemed to be hampered by the long barrel, saying that it was a help to a lawman who had to subdue a roughneck to arrest him. The argument of a gun barrel applied to a hard skull was called "buffaloing" a man.

A number of the top gun hands developed special tricks of their own.

Buckskin Frank Leslie is said to have had a steel stud added to the frame of his single action. This engaged a slot in a metal plate on his gun belt. This eliminated the draw from a holster.

Leslie's gun could be lifted instantly from the slot. Or if he was in a real hurry, he could just pivot it to a level position and fire from the belt.

John Wesley Hardin made a science of "the first shot." One of his rigs was a calfskin vest with two holsters sewn to it. These held two short-barreled Colts in an unusually high position, butts forward. He made either a single or a double cross-draw at chest level, and no tie-downs were needed.

Again in contrast, Earp told in his memoirs that he often did not even wear a gun belt. On those occasions, he simply carried a short gun in an outside coat pocket, the lining of the pocket having been treated with paraffin. As some of these facts are noted in court records, I consider them unusually reliable.

Another favorite figure who seldom existed was the two-gun man. With the exception of Hickok, Hardin and a few others, even the deadliest gentry usually considered one six-gun sufficient weight to carry.

We are told by such people as Earp and Masterson that the second gun was only a back-up gun, if carried at all. If one gun became empty, then the other was drawn.

This led to the maneuver called the "border shift." the empty right gun was tossed in the air as the left one was drawn. Left gun was passed to the right hand. Left hand caught the empty gun as right hand continued to fire. If he fumbled the empty one, no great harm was done.

That jovial killer, Curly Bill Brocius, gave his name to the "Curly Bill spin." When arrested and told to surrender his gun, he would tender it butt forward, hanging from his finger by the trigger guard. As the officer reached for it, Bill spun the Colt's butt into his hand and fired. After the first time or two, new methods of arrest were developed.

In addition, the fast-draw clubs practice such dazzling tricks as the reverse pinwheel, the butterfly spin and many others.

We have examined many interesting exceptions, but the general rule

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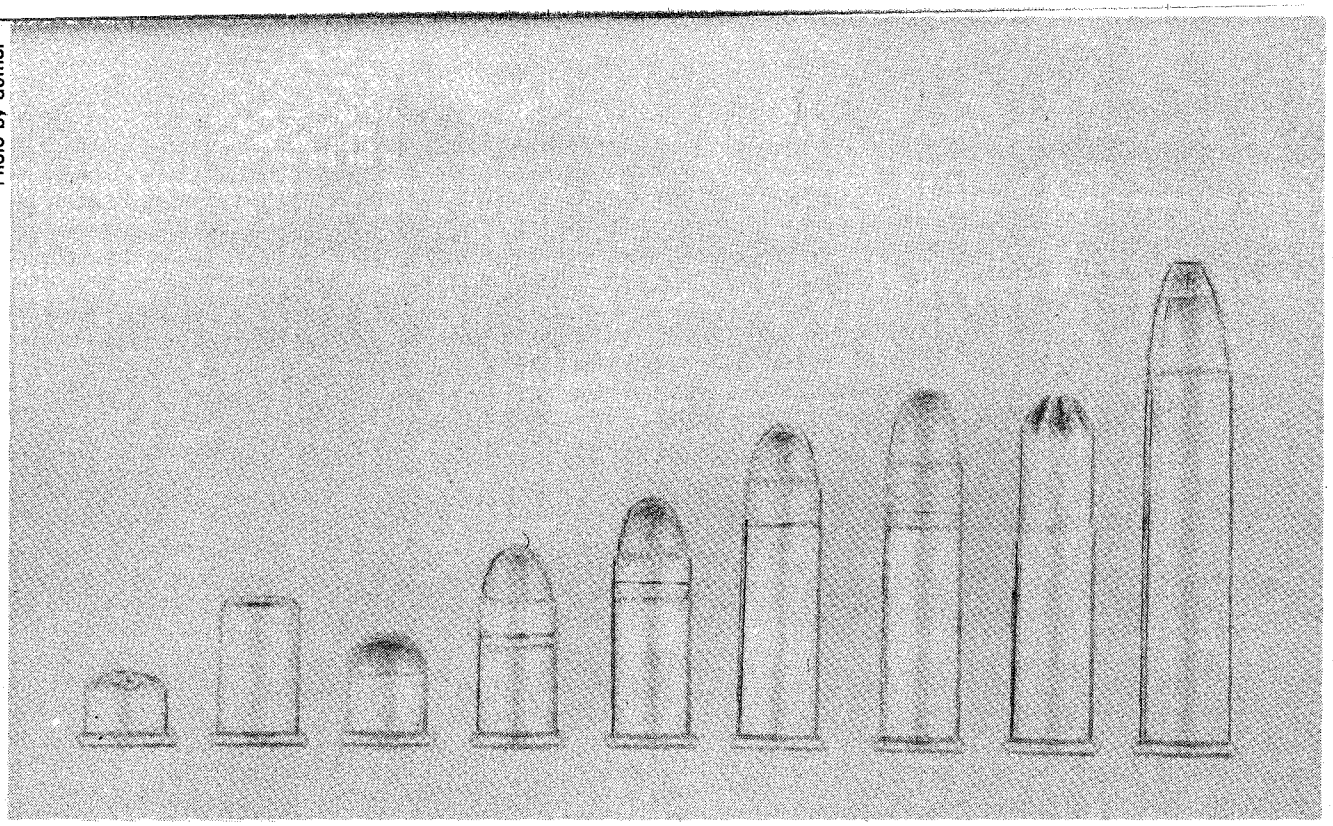


A wide variety of cartridges fit the .22 cattleman single-action revolver. From left to right: a rose-crimped blank; standard-type blank; BB cap; CB cap; short; long; long rifle; shot cartridge; and a powerful .22 magnum hollow-point cartridge.

in the Early West was: the man who carried one gun never practiced fast draw, and sure hoped he could stay out of trouble.

The single-action Model P was dropped from the Colt line some years back. But so great was the recent surge of interest in the history-making model that manufacture was resumed in several popular calibers.

Another indication of its popularity is the number of other single-action revolvers that have appeared in recent years. These are made by many companies, but have one thing in common. All closely resemble the original in appearance and "feel." Most of them are similar mechanically, using the same method of loading, etc.

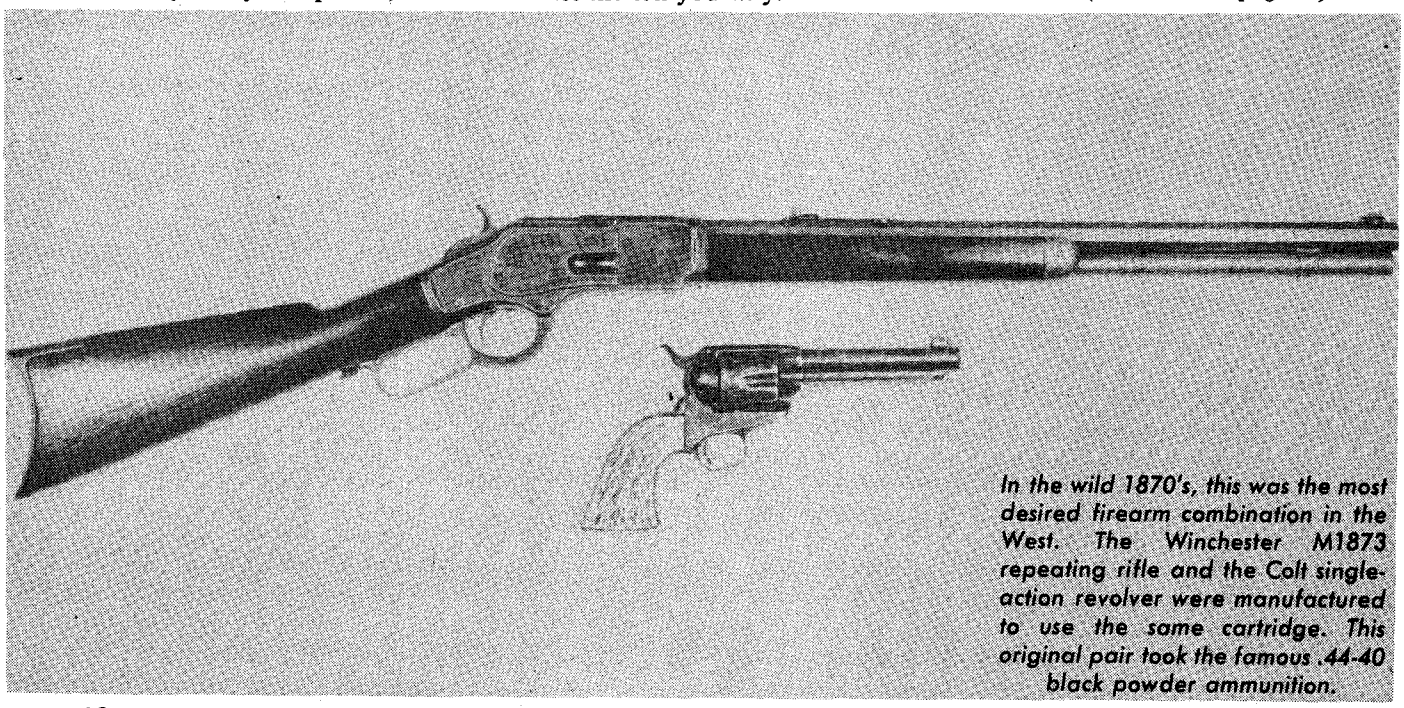
For readers who wish to own a traditional western "hawg leg" as an outstanding piece of Americana, may I suggest my own solution? My constant companion on hunting trips, fishing trips, to the target range or simply poking around remote areas of desert country, is one of these modern copies of the historic arm. Let me tell you why.

This personal favorite is the "Cattleman" M/T622 Trailblazer, available from Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass. Iver Johnson is one of the oldest of American arms companies, with a reputation for dependable quality in everything they sell. Yet the price of this revolver is less than most others of this type.

But even more important, the mechanical design of the Cattleman is unique. While it is outwardly a

(continued on page 59)

Photo by author



In the wild 1870's, this was the most desired firearm combination in the West. The Winchester M1873 repeating rifle and the Colt single-action revolver were manufactured to use the same cartridge. This original pair took the famous .44-40 black powder ammunition.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. Who got the reward of $10,000 for the death of Belle Starr? I have a reward poster that reads "Reward $10,000 in gold coin will be paid by U.S. Government for the apprehension dead or alive of Belle Starr, wanted for robbery, murder, treason and other acts against the U.S." J.B. Hickerson, Litchfield, Mich.

A. No one did, Mr. Hickerson. Belle was murdered from ambush on her return from a trip to town. Suspicion was attached for a while to a neighbor with whom she had several acrimonious disputes, but nothing was ever proven. Some gossip attributed her murder to her son with whom, it was said, she had had incestuous relations. This was also never proven. We have some doubts about the authenticity of the reward poster you have. We doubt if Belle was ever bad enough to warrant such a sizable reward; and the "murder" and "treason" charges just don't ring true. If she was a wanted culprit, what was she doing freely traipsing about town?

Q. I am currently conducting research for a seminar paper on partisan, ranger and guerrilla activities during the Civil War period. I am specifically interested in George Todd, Doc Jennison, Sue Mundy, Champ Ferguson, etc. There is very little information on these characters, but plenty on Quantrill. Margaret-Anne Moore, Wilmington, Cal.

A. There is plenty on Quantrill, as you say, because he was infamously head and shoulders above the others. We are sorry we have nothing extensive except brief references. Your best bet (we think) would be to contact the historical societies of the towns and counties where they operated.

Q. I hope you can tell me the kind of wood the early pioneers used for making their ox yokes. None of the old-timers I have asked seemed to know for sure. H. Hatch, Jackson, Mich.

A. We suspect that they did not know for sure because there was no one specific wood used for this purpose. After all, the purpose for which an ox yoke is used does not subject it to any terrific strain, so they used whatever wood was available.

Q. I am trying to get the month and year that Camp Price existed on the eastern side of the Chiricahua Mountains. J. Fillmann, Lanham, Md.

A. We have an old volume, Mr. Fillmann, which lists all of the old forts and camps, along with complete information concerning them, but unfortunately Camp Price is not among them. We suspect that it existed for such a short time that it was not considered worthy of inclusion. We suggest that you write to the historical society of the town nearest to its brief location.

Q. In answer to a reader's question in the November edition of REAL WEST, you said that Crazy Horse never had his photo taken, and the painting on the cover of the February 1973 edition was a representation only. Yet the June 1972 edition of Zane Grey had two photos of Crazy Horse. I'm as baffled as ever. Perhaps someone can throw some light on the situation. P. Townsend, Paisley-Renfrewshire, Scotland.

A. Trust us, Mr. Townsend. Crazy Horse was under thirty when he died, and he was never chummy enough with his white brothers to sit for a photo in the previous years. The few paintings extant of him are not authenticated. And if one of our readers comes up with a real photo of Crazy Horse, we will eat a pair of Oglala Sioux moccasins, uncooked.

Q. I was very interested in a story in REAL WEST, "The Death of a Demon," about Chief Sitting Bear or Satank. What year was he born and in what year did he die? Are there any books that would tell about him and his parents? Mrs. A. K. Smith, Forks, Wa.

A. He died in 1878 while trying to escape U. S. troops. We know of no single volume or biography devoted to this Indian, but he is mentioned in every book about the Indian wars, as he was quite a scourge in Texas. Your local librarian can help you.

Q. There is a part of New Mexico named after the Eddy family, and since I'm part Mescalero Apache, maybe it was named after my great grandfather (Eddy County). It used to be part of the Indian Reservation. Could you give me some more information on this matter? L/Cpl. J. V. Eddy, FPO San Francisco.

A. This is what we call a local matter. It is impossible for us to have on hand information about such things which concern the intimate history of towns and counties, interesting as they are. We understand the attraction such information has for you, and we recommend that you write to the historical society of the county concerned.

Q. I am very interested in American archaeology and desire to be kept up to date with progress therein, something the newspapers do not give. Can you suggest a publication? V. Keene, Lancashire, England.

A. We think the ideal publication for your purpose is *Archaeology,* published by the Archaeological Society of America, 100 Washington Square East, New York, N.Y. 10003. It is written by archaeologists for intelligent laymen and consistently treats of North and South American Indians.

Q. Must a canoe be made of birch bark to qualify for the name of "canoe"? K. Cahill, Valdosta, Ga.

A. Not in the modern connotation. In the early Western days, a canoe was one of several kinds of small boats. The canoe used by white men on the Western rivers was never made of bark but always from the trunk of a tree, mostly commonly a cottonwood tree. They preferred the cottonwood for three reasons: it was large, it was readily available, and it had a grain that allowed the makers to transform it into the desired form. The canoes were of any size up to 35 feet long and 4 feet wide. It usually took a week for two men to build one. ●RW

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He was a ladies' man who could and often did dance all night. He was also a Civil War hero, Pony Express rider, and he died three times.

JOHNNY FRY of the Pony Express

by Nick Howes

He was riding at a fast clip, but not so fast that he tired his pony before they reached the next relay station, some miles distant. A Pony Express mount, even carrying a thin, wiry young man, the special light saddle issued him and the leather *mochilas* containing up to 10 pounds of mail written on tissue paper, could not be expected to last more than a very short distance at top speed.

His eyes were alert for trouble, but he expected none. If trouble did come, he had a revolver but no rifle to add to the pony's burden. A speedy escape was preferable anyway.

His head snapped around as he caught a bright movement out of the corner of his eye. Johnny Fry eased up slightly on the reins and relaxed a bit as a girl rode out into the opening — a rather pretty young thing from a local town. He recalled having seen her on occasion at dances held in the town.

He gave a wave and a smile as she rode up beside him, easily keeping pace with him on her larger horse.

Pointing at his bandana, she called, "Can I have your scarf for a quilt I'm making, Johnny?" With a slightly surprised grin he reflexly grabbed hold of the scarf.

"No, get your cloth somewhere else, Emma."

"Can't I have it for a souvenir?" she called back. "Please?" He shook his head, and with a mischievous grin she made a grab for the colorful bandana. Laughing, Fry touched his spurs to the pony's flanks. The determined girl spurred her own mount to follow. The horse's greater capacity and her leather quirt made the difference. She closed rapidly, enough for another grab. She missed the scarf, instead ripping a large swath from the back of Fry's colorful shirt.

Triumphantly she reined in, waving the scrap of cloth at Fry's disappearing figure, before striking off for town. By evening, the scrap of cloth had been worked into a prominent position within the quilt's design.

There are several such stories about Johnny Fry, the young, handsome Pony Express rider whose own admiration for the ladies equalled theirs for him. Whether this little tale is true or not, it is known that the young man would ride by his admirers, unable to stop because of company regulations, and they would throw him cookies, doughnuts and other little snacks as he passed.

One of these girls was Emily Dooley, then 18, who lived with her parents at Cold Spring ranch. Three or four ladies like herself lived there, and together they would toss the snacks, accompanied by kisses, as the riders swept past, heading west in the direction of Sacramento or east in the direction of St. Joseph, Missouri. Between runs, the riders occasionally rode over from St. Joe, including Johnny Fry, to spend a few days in the area, hunting and fishing. At night they would attend a dance and enjoy a supper of prairie chicken, wild turkey and hickory-smoked ham, along with cakes and pies for dessert.

Emily met Johnny at the Cold Springs ranch and later recalled that he was a gallant, fun-loving, courteous young man who enjoyed telling stories about his adventures riding for the Pony and about fighting Indians. Emily often attended the parties, as did Johnny, and danced with him several times. She also participated in tossing the cookies and cakes at riders speeding by.

This habit gave rise to a story — untrue, of course — that the doughnut was invented by the girls who wanted something the riders could hold in one hand, or more accurately, on one finger, as the other hand held the reins.

Fry was 20 when the Pony Express started in April, 1860. He weighed only 125 pounds, ideal in the company's eyes since they wanted physically small riders for their ponies. He had agility and endurance, another plus, and was an excellent horseman, always graceful whether on a horse or on the dance floor.

His endurance, above and beyond the call of duty, was amply demonstrated when Fry once rode from St. Joe to Marysville, Kansas, to attend a dance. He danced all night and the next day rode back to Missouri without stopping to sleep or rest. All this he did in less than 36 hours.

The son of Jacob Fry, Johnny was a foreman of the Fish and Robidoux livery stable on Main and Faraon streets, according to St Joseph's 1860 City Directory. This suggests that he retained his job at the livery while riding for the Pony. He had formerly been a jockey at a Sparta, Missouri, racetrack for Camp Lynch of Agency, Missouri. His employer, Lynch, would later be foreman-partner in the Lynch-Boder spread in the Cherokee strip during the 1880's. Johnny had never married. Although sources spelled his name Frey and Frye, the correct spelling is Fry, according to the publication of the St. Joseph Museum.

Johnny was hired to ride one of the Pony Express runs when the owners of the Central Overland, California and Pike's Peak Express Company put the Pony together. The owners decided they would offer a fast mail service, in competition with the Butterfield stage lines which took a longer route south. By shortening their route, and thereby accepting the task of crossing some of the country's most treacherous territory, they would deliver their mail sooner, perhaps getting the government mail contracts in the bargain. Johnny was assigned the first leg west out of St. Joseph.

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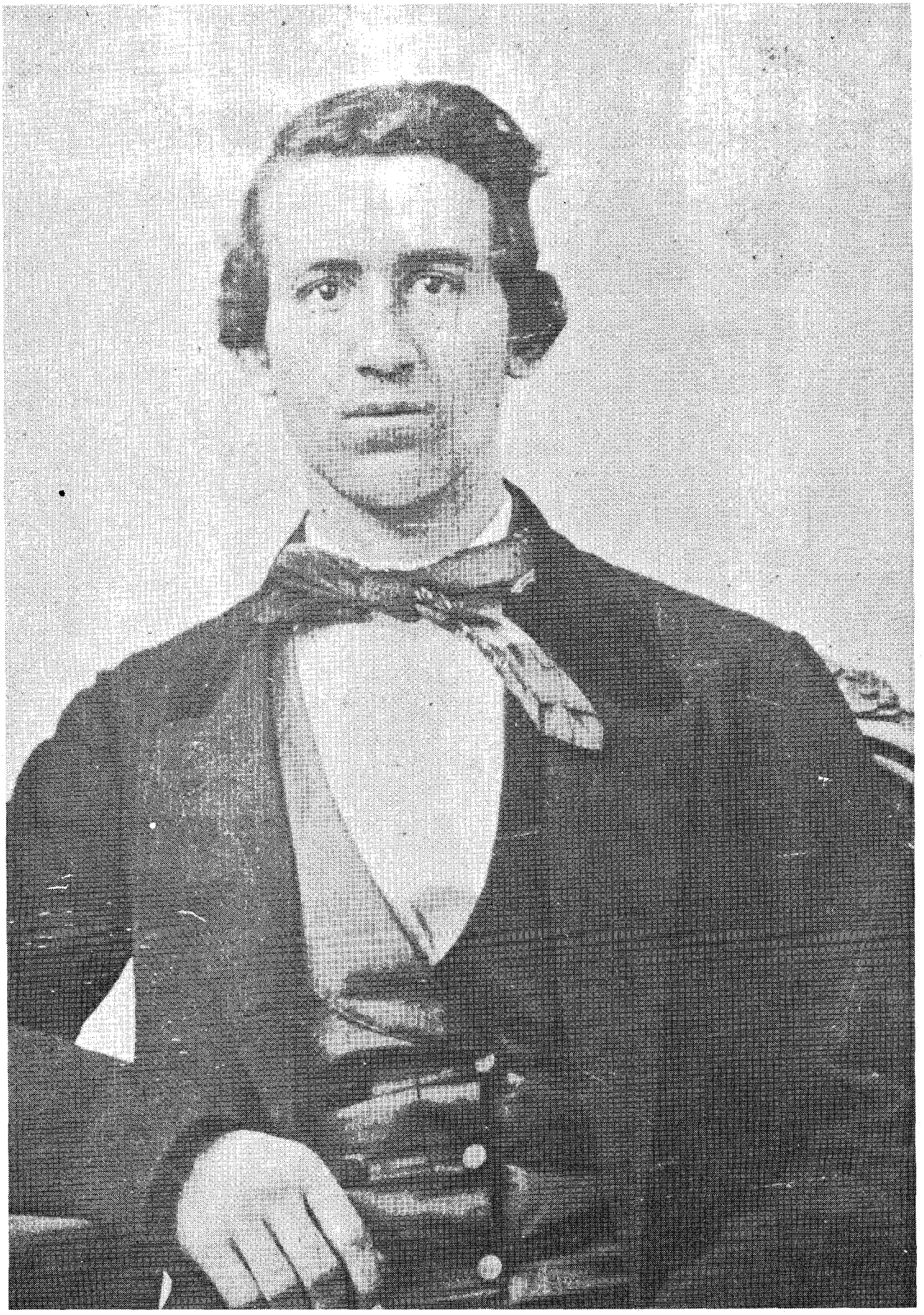

Young Johnny Fry, assigned the first leg of the run out of St. Joseph. He was to take the mail from the train, ride to the ferryboat DENVER, ride across to Elwood, Kansas, on the opposite shore, and strike out across the plains.

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

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It remains to this day a difficult task to pin down the exact identity of the person who made the first ride. The horse was clearly a bay mare named Sylph, daughter of Little Arthur. Mayor M. Jeff Thompson later recalled giving a parting spank to Sylph that sent her off to the ferryboat *Denver* for the ride to the Kansas shore. A few days later, Thompson, a colonel in the Missouri state guard, lost his position in a reelection campaign to Armstrong Beattie, St. Joseph's first banker. Thompson would, in 1861, join the Southern cause and become a brigadier general in the Missouri state guard.

Many contend that Johnny Fry injured his wrist working at the stables with a cantankerous horse and that he had Billy Richardson take the run. Others claim Alex Carlyle, nephew of Ben Fickland, general superintendent of the Pony Express, was granted the honor through the actions of his uncle.

Former rider Jack Keetley, a businessman in Salt Lake City, wrote a letter to St. Joseph industrialist Huston Wyeth, a letter dated August 21, 1907, discussing the first run. He claimed that Carlyle had been the first out; Fry apparently got the mail from him, passed it on to Keetley, who later passed the *mochila* on to Gus Cliff. Keetley had ridden for The Pony Express during most of the 18 months it existed, once riding 340 miles in 31 hours from Marysville, Kansas, to Big Sandy, Nebraska, a home station, then back as far as Seneca, Kansas, for another rider. At relay stations, mounts were changed; at home stations, the riders themselves were changed as well. Keetley, superintendent of mines in Utah, died at age 71 in 1912 at Salt Lake.

In the April 11, 1938 issue of the St. Joseph *Gazette,* 87 - year - old Bill Richardson said that he was at the time only a young boy. He had been about 10 years old and "I was just nosing around the Pony Express barn, like a boy will do, when the express was getting ready to start. I had a nice little Indian pony. You could buy one for about a dollar in those days. When the cannon was fired to signal the start of the express, Paul Coburn, an agent for the express company, threw the mail on my pony just for a joke. Coburn was a half-brother of mine. I rode with it down to the river and gave it to Fry. He was the first rider. All this about me being the first rider is bunk, junk and rubbish." Richardson maintained that he had seen Fry around the stables, but did not know him well.

Richardson added that he had not desired publicity. He had told a few friends the story, but it was not generally known. He had lived most of his life in St. Joseph, having been an inspector at the cattle scales there for the St. Joseph Live Stock Exchange between 1922 and 1936. He was born in that city on October 31, 1850, he said. A photo of four men, two of them being Johnny Fry and "William Richardson," appear of similar ages. There may conceivably have been two Richardsons, of course.

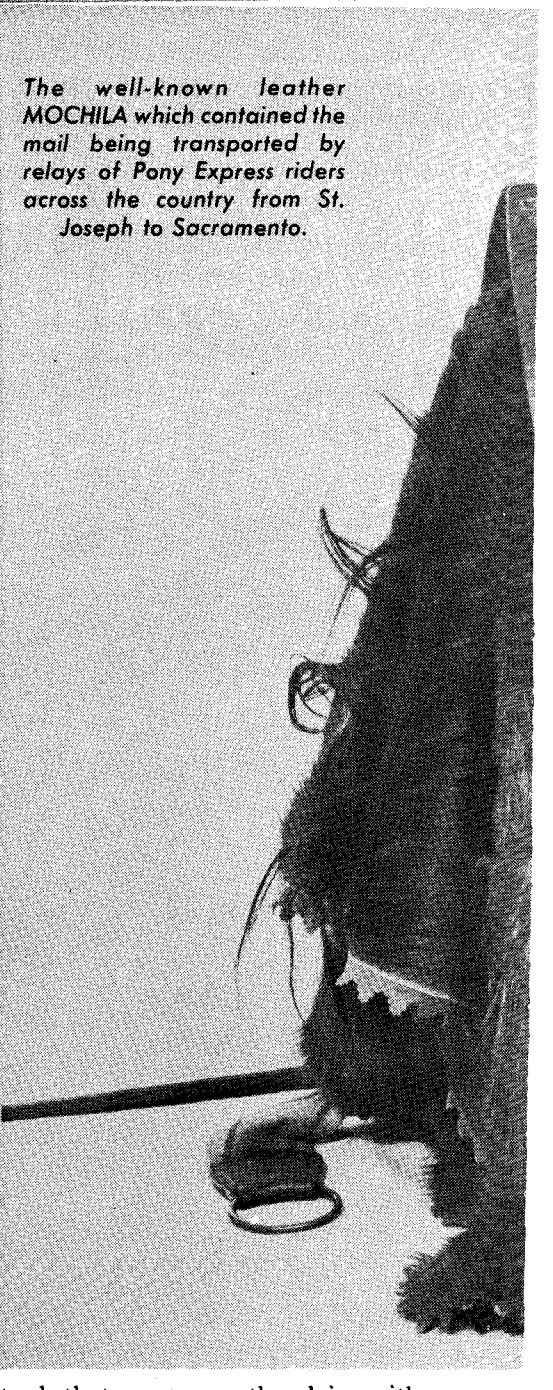
There were other claims, however. The great-nephew of John Burnett, J. Earl Holman, of St. Joseph, claimed his great-uncle had been the first rider out of the city. Burnett, he claimed, had later gone to work for Wells-Fargo.

Some maintain that the first rider stopped at St. Joseph's post office, also the express office, and these were, in fact, routine stops for riders on later runs. But on April 3, 1860, the Hannibal and St. Joseph train carrying the mail, as well as a number of top-hatted dignitaries, showed up at 7:30 p.m. instead of the scheduled 5:00 p.m. They had had to wait for the late mail messenger from the East. But the engine *Missouri,* pulling mail and passengers in a single passenger coach direct from New York, Detroit and Washington D.C., finally got in, and it is unlikely the rider was willing to delay even more to make those two stops.

St. Joseph was the home station for the first leg. From there riders crossed the river and started the long 1,966 mile trip to California, the trail dotted with 190 manned relay stations. Johnny Fry's run was between the St. Joseph stables and Guittard's station in Kansas, where riders changed. This was 125 miles from St. Joe, a long distance later shortened to Seneca, Kansas, 80 miles from St. Joseph. Here the riders, station keeper and stock tenders stayed at the Smith Hotel, with their horses and ponies put up in the hotel's barn.

As foreman at the livery stables where he worked, Fry may have assigned others to fill in for him on occasion. Charles Larzelere claimed to be one of those who volunteered to take Fry's run when necessary.

Fry was definitely known to have made the first run back to complete the eastbound transfer of mail, though there is question on his being the first out towards the west. He



The well-known leather MOCHILA which contained the mail being transported by relays of Pony Express riders across the country from St. Joseph to Sacramento.

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

took that run across the plains with the *mochila,* and as he came into the view of 5,000 spectators lining the banks of the Missouri, a great cheer arose. It took him one minute and 50 seconds to reach the ferry *Denver* for the short ride across the river and into St. Joseph where he delivered the mail.

The Pony Express ran for 18 months, constantly in the red, the owners banking on getting government contracts. But the telegraph wires were completed through to California and the Pony lost any chance of government support. The Civil War had begun and Johnny Fry, out of a job, drifted off.

Surprisingly, three tales have come up concerning the end of Johnny Fry. One is known to be true, in that Fry joined General Blunt's 10th Kansas Volunteer Infantry as a mounted

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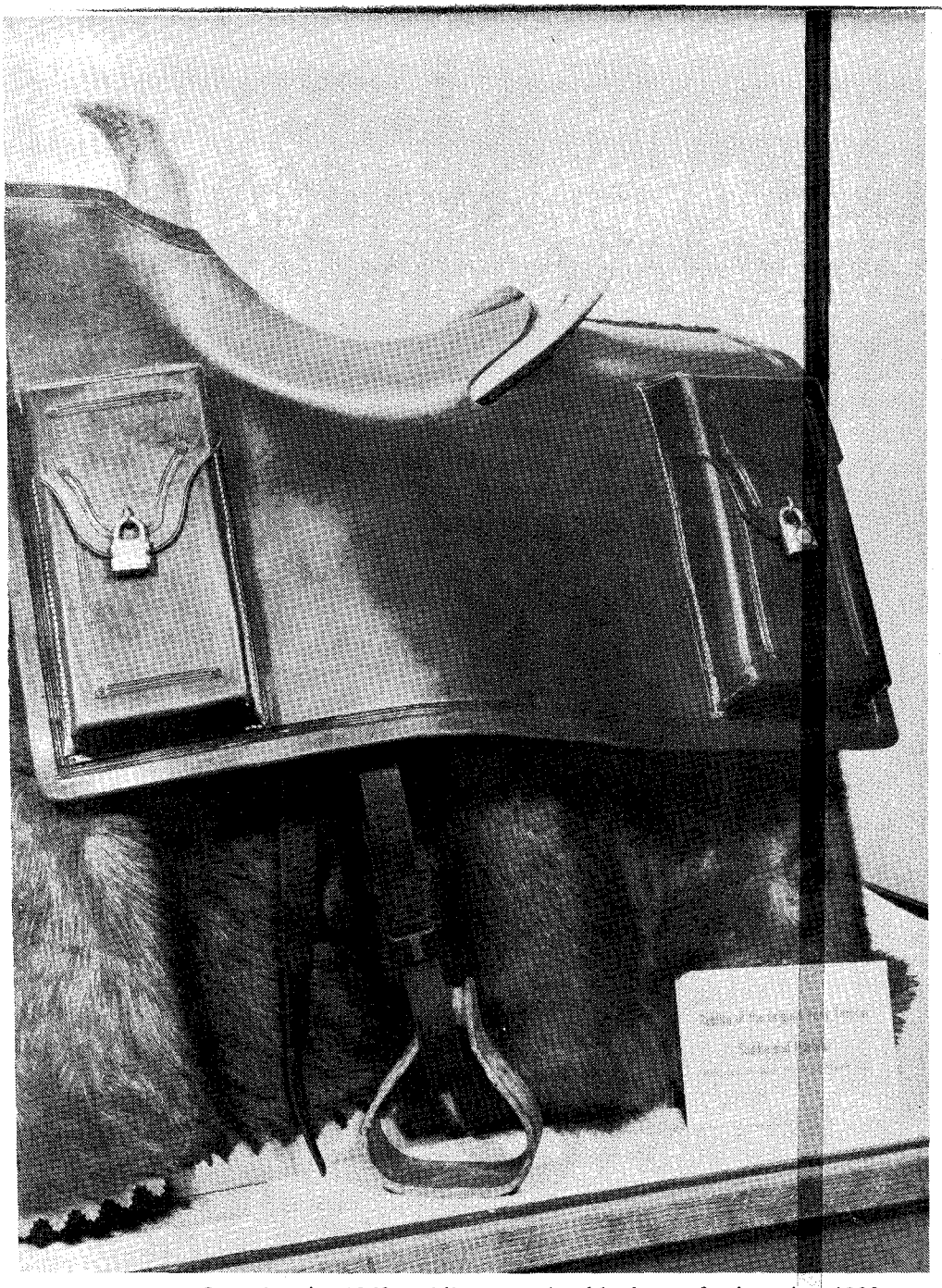

scout. One day in 1863, while attached to the 3d Kansas Indian Regiment, referred to as the Indian Regiment because of the number of Indians filling its ranks, Fry was surrounded by Arkansas Rangers at Baxter Springs, Arkansas. Before he was killed, the young Fry had taken five of the enemy with him.

Later, Fry's brother, Dick, would join the Union Army also, to be discharged at war's end. Dick would send his trunk to St. Louis and a message would be mailed home, saying he would soon follow. He never did show up, though, disappearing completely.

But two other stories of Johnny Fry's death remain. The Atchison *Globe* ran an article on the death of "the Pony Express rider" Johnny Fry in an October 7, 1954 issue. A Mrs. Kingston of Oklahoma City made a deathbed confession in 1892 regarding the young man's death to Fred Sutton, a former Atchison man. She had operated a small night spot on the trail frequented by various transportation and mail lines, including the Pony Express. She had led a good life, all in all, and had only one real regret.

"Shortly after I opened my resort — known as The Farm — in the early '60s, it was my custom to give a grand ball about once a month. They were attended by persons from hundreds of miles around.

"We had a wonderful ballroom and a stable large enough to care for a hundred teams. Many times I have seen the stables full, and the balls would last from two days to a week.

"One of the women at The Farm was an attractive Irish girl with many admirers, one of them a man by the name of Cleveland. He was known throughout the south and west as 'Cleveland the Outlaw.'

"He would nearly always drop in about midnight, would monopolize the company of this woman for a time, then would disappear and not be heard from until the next ball."

One night, Johnny Fry, down from St. Joseph, came in. He was immediately struck by the girl's appearance and looks, and he began dancing with her. The girl told Cleveland, when he showed up, that she already had a dancing partner, Fry.

"Cleveland became sullen and sat in a corner with his eyes on the dancing couple continuously. About 3 a.m., Frey (sic) excused himself from his companion and went outdoors. In a moment Cleveland followed."

Fry disappeared after that point, never to be heard from again, she said. But she knew what had happened, and now, as she lay dying and knowing death to be imminent, she was willing to tell.

"Cleveland killed Johnny Frey (sic) between the back door of my kitchen and the barn, and strange as it may seem, I was the one who discovered the body. I called a big Nergro man who was working for me, and together we carried the body into the basement.

"The Negro dug a hole six feet deep and placed the body in the hole. He died very mysteriously a short time later, and that left me the sole possessor of the secret.

"I have told you this as it occurred. If you have any doubts as to its truth and have interest enough, you may go to the old farm and dig in the basement. There you will find Johnny Fry's skeleton with a bullet through his skull."

I have not read anywhere what came of this information, but since Fry's actual death is known to have occurred during the Civil War, it is interesting to speculate as to whether or not the woman had unknowingly buried an imposter, or was lying.

Finally, there is the third tale. This Johnny Fry died near Santa Ana, California, at age 70. The Holy County *Sentinel* of Oregon, Missouri, ran a story on the man's passing, as did the St. Joseph *News-Press and Gazette,* all mentioning Fry as the Pony Express rider. This mystery cleared up when it was found that the elderly man was a cousin to the original Pony Express Johnny Fry.

Express rider Fry's uncle was Reason Fry of Mt. Airy, Missouri.

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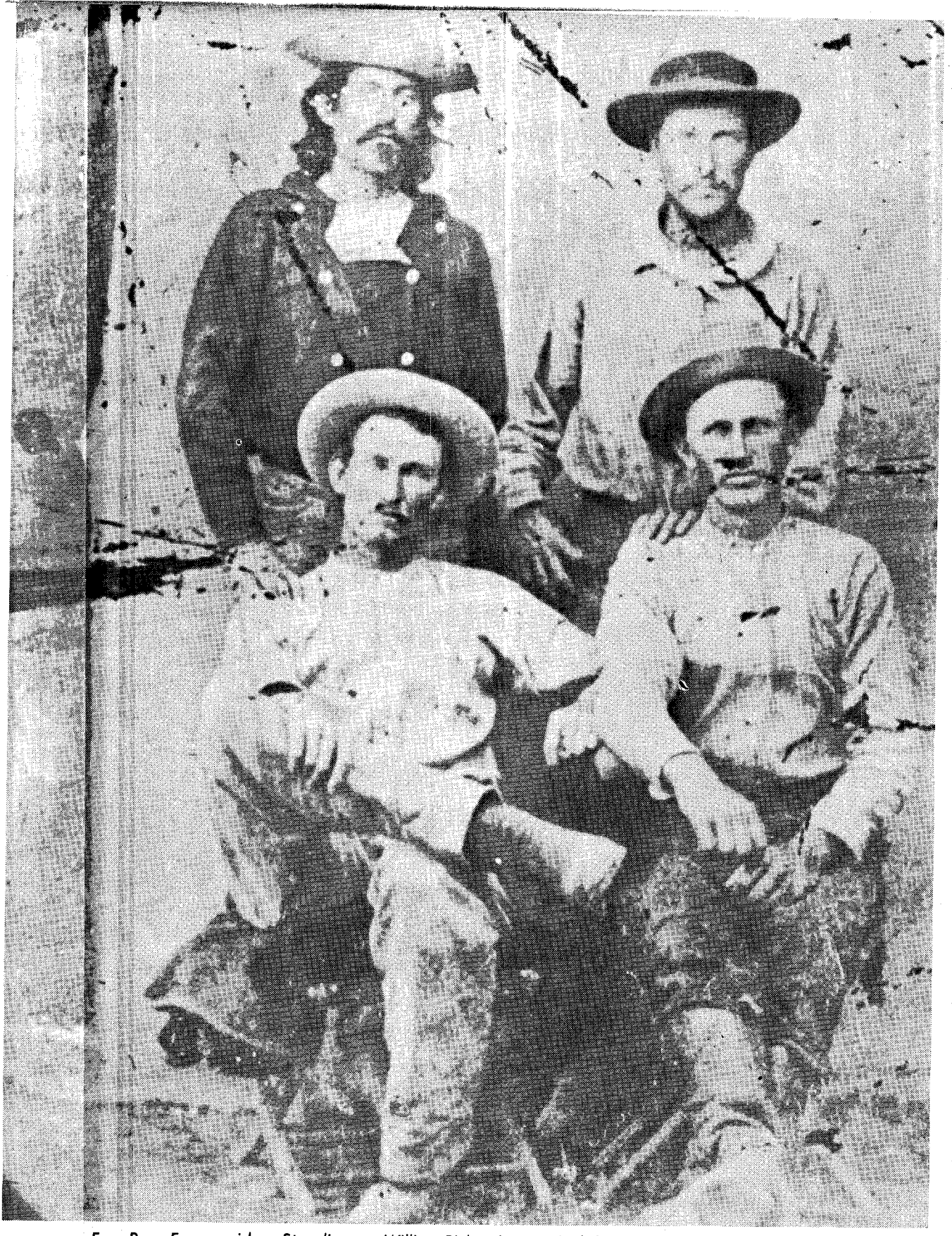

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

Four Pony Express riders. Standing are William Richardson on the left, Johnny Fry on the right. Seated are Charlie and Gus Cliff.

Reason had several children: Charles, Joseph, Marquis de Lafayette (Mark), Kate Reason and William Fry, as well as John Fry. This man may or may not have lived in Rushville or DeKalb, Missouri, as the newspaper articles claimed, but he did develop irrigation methods that left him rather wealthy.

Johnny Fry, rider for the Pony Express, died while still in his early 20's, a young man. In a little over two decades of colorful living, however, he managed to create a place for himself in western history; the memories still live today. Under the circumstances, what else can a man ask for? ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCE:

Clippings and notes supplied by St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph Missouri

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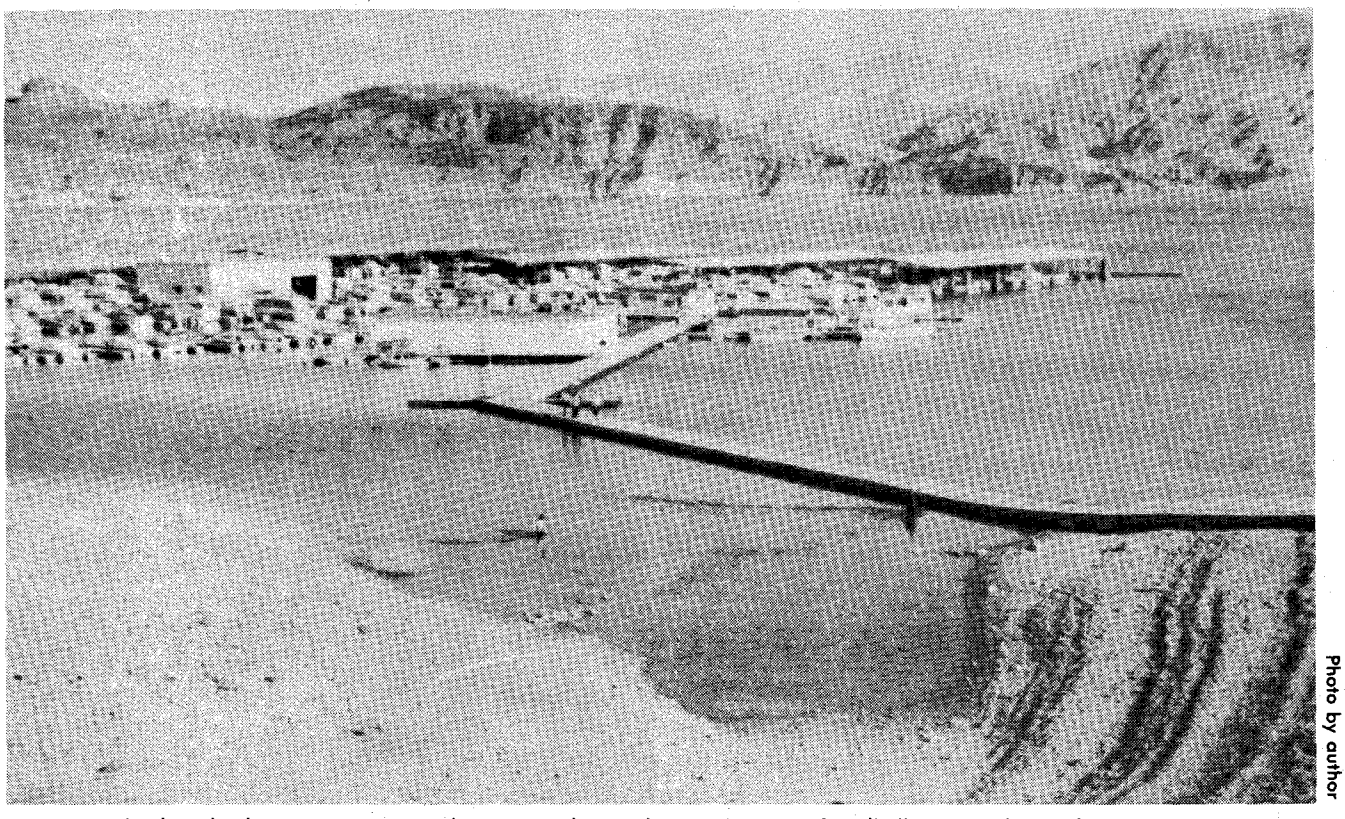

Photo by author

Today the largest marina in the state is located over the site of Callville, Nevada's only seaport.

NEVADA'S ONLY SEAPORT

by Richard Taylor

Due to the thousands of Mormon converts flocking into Utah from Europe during the mid-1800's, Nevada acquired her first and last seaport. It was named Callville by its founder, Anson Call.

The converts were brought across the Atlantic to Panama, where they crossed the isthmus afoot or on horseback. On the Pacific side, they boarded ships which carried them up the gulf into the Colorado River and on to Callville.

There the converts were met by Mormon Elders who put them aboard wagons bound for Salt Lake City, the Mormon Mecca.

For almost five years the little town flourished, while European emigrants poured in on the steamboats, *Nina, Tilden* and *Esmeralda,* which made regular scheduled runs between Yuma, Arizona and Callville.

Produce from farms in the surrounding area was also shipped through Callville, and it looked like the little port had a bright future. But the coming of the Transcontinental Railroad abruptly reversed the picture. Shipping gradually went to the railway, and trade in Callville fell off. By June of 1864, the landing was abandoned. Less than five years later, the entire town was deserted, but the place did play a dramatic role in the escape of three bandits.

The desperate thieves thundered into the ghost town, a posse only a few hours behind them. Their horses were worn out, and there was no way to get across the burning desert surrounding them. At last, their predicament inspired an idea in one of the desperados.

"Let's make rafts outta them wooden doors," he suggested, "then we can escape downriver."

Without further ado, the bandits pried the huge wooden doors from the old church warehouse. After dragging them down to the river, they piled their possessions onto them, climbed aboard and made good their escape. The posse found only their exhausted horses and the gear they had deemed unnecessary to take along. The robbers were never seen nor heard of in that part of the country again.

Today, Callville lies peacefully under the placid waters of Lake Mead, a few miles from downtown Las Vegas, Nevada. When the waters are calm and clear, you can still see the crumbling foundations of this, Nevada's only seaport. ●RW

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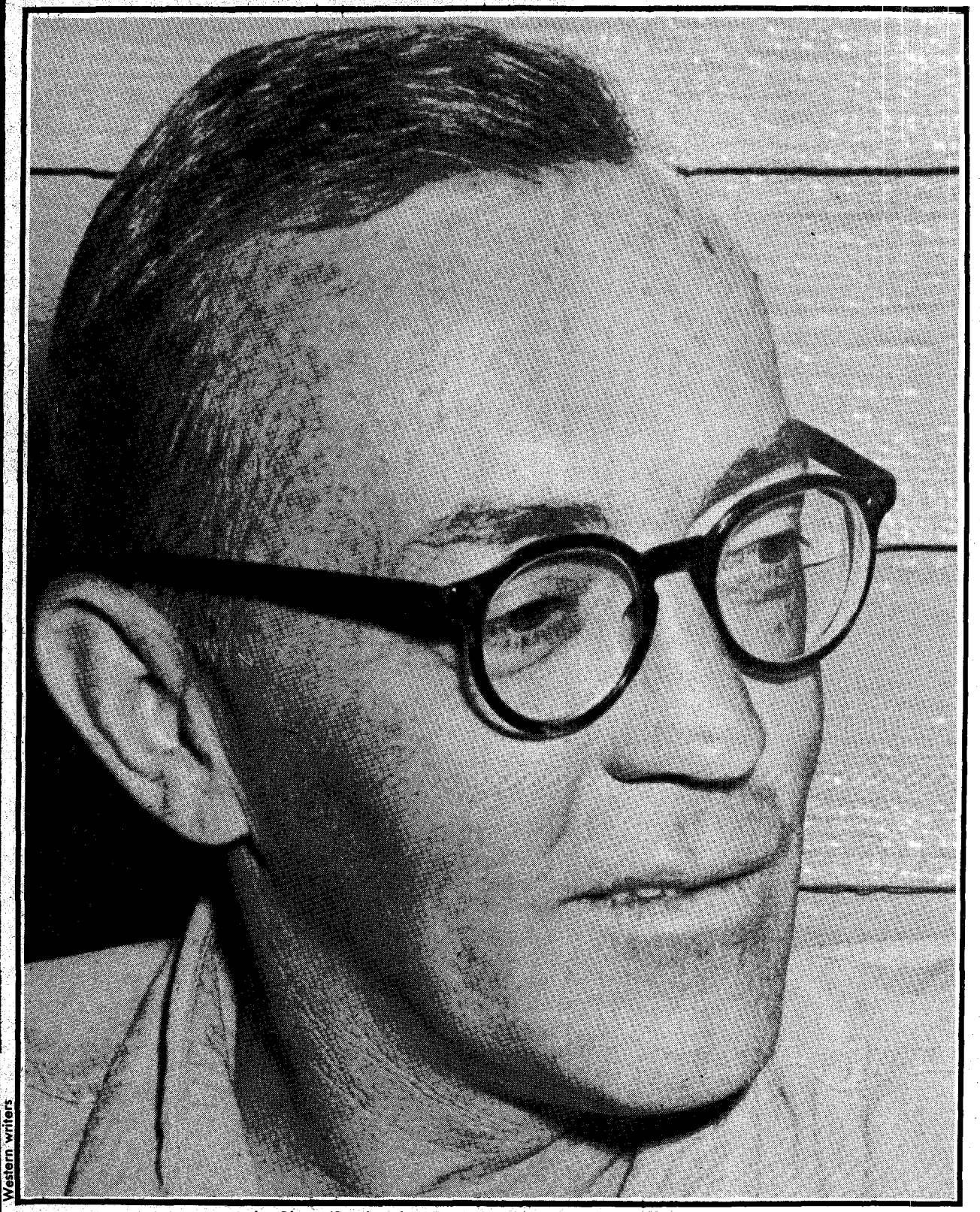
LUKE SHORT In Memoriam

by Rex Bundy



Western writers

Luke Short (Frederick Dilley Glidden) at the start of his career.

Frederick Dilley Glidden was a well-behaved, quiet boy while attending grade school in Galva, Illinois. This according to one of his classmates, Mrs. Evelyn Prouty of Stevensville, Montana. These traits extended into his later life even after becoming famous for his Western - action novels and short stories under the pseudonym of Luke Short.

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Fred Glidden shunned publicity, and even some of his most avid fans never knew his correct name, only his pseudonym, Luke Short, a name given him by his agent unaware that the original Luke Short had been a famous gambler and gunfighter of the Old West. But among his peers in the Western - action writing field, Fred Glidden was known as one of the "greats" and was classed along with Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Max Brand, Ernest Haycox and Zane Grey.

There were not many honors given to writers of the traditional Western that Luke Short did not collect. Perhaps the greatest of all were the millions of fans this writer reaped from those persons intent on "escapism."

At the time Luke Short's work first appeared, the pulp magazines had not advanced much beyond the scope of Ned Buntline. Many of the writers were so intent on making an extra penny that even the hero was the world's worst shot, emptying his six-gun in every fray for the simple reason that the writer received one cent for each and every "bang."

There were a number of writers who did not practice the above to the point of obsession, and one influenced Luke Short's writing to a great degree. However, Luke Short developed highly distinctive traits of his own and used them with deceptive simplicity.

The traditional Western - action story has many self-imposed limitations. But regardless of those limitations, Luke Short established an all-around excellence that not many writers have achieved. And if his talent does not shine as brilliantly as some writers, his shortcomings are well hidden in his prose.

During the late 1930's, Short ground out, like so many authors in their attempts to become established, novels for the pulp magazines. His, though, were a cut above the average of the stories that surrounded them. These appeared in such magazines as *Western Story, Adventure, Blue Book, Big-Book Western, Star Western, Ten Story Western, Short Stories, Top Notch, Cowboy Stories, Dynamic Adventures, Dime Adventure Magazine, Ace High, Thrilling Western* and *Argosy*.

In the 1940's, Short came into his own and pioneered a style for a whole generation of writers. His stories were serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Colliers* and are now considered traditional Western - action classics. To name a few: *Blood On The Moon, Ramrod, Coroner Creek, Station West, Fiddlefoot* and *High Vermilion*. These superb novels ranged the whole gamut of the traditional Western theme: range wars, cattlemen - homsteader feuds, vengeance - seeking, trouble - shooting, mining wars, and cavalry - Indian conflicts.

His writing style was distinctive. It was sparse and uncluttered. With a few terse slashes of narrative, he could paint a scene that would bounce off the printed page seemingly faster than the eye could read — just look — and have it imprinted on your brain. And to this day, no Western writer has surpassed his command of dialogue, as his was tuned in perfectly to the wave lengths of real-life conversation.

A Luke Short background was sketched with authority, and his novels and short stories are packed with action. There was always dirty work at the crossroads — including political and business intrigues — all of which were established with extreme realism. This was heightened by Short's very close attention to the smallest detail of his characters' actions and behavior. And even when his characters were the unvarying stereotypes of the traditional Western, he imbued their actions with such naturalness that each came to life on the printed page. If a soul could be given a fictional character, Luke Short's words were the means by which this was conveyed.

There can be no argument that Westerns are better today. No one person contributed more to their updating and improvement than Frederick D. Glidden. His examples will compel every subsequent writer in the action - Western field of writing to raise his sights and keep them well elevated.

Luke Short sold his first major Western - action story, "Feud At Single Shot" in 1937. His last book, *Trouble Country*, is scheduled for publication by Bantam Books some time this year.

With this publication an end is written to a career that produced more than fifty novels, three novelettes, twenty-five short stories, even teleplays, two screenplays and, believe it or not, a musical comedy.

In 1969, Frederick D. Glidden (Luke Short) received the Western Writers of America's prestigious Golden Saddleman Award "for his achievement, through his high caliber writing, in bringing wider public attention to the Western story and for his role in establishing a Western tradition which has since become a model for Western writers."

In 1974, Frederick D. Glidden was the recipient of a special Trustee Award from the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center: "for his authorship of many notable Western novels and short stories under the pseudonym of Luke Short"

May this Golden Saddleman rattle his Golden Spurs up the Golden Stairs with the blessings and prayers of his millions of fans who will misshim exceedingly. ●RW

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

WILLIAM "Wild Bill" ELLIOTT

by Mario DeMarco

The three greatest characteristics that I remember about Bill Elliott were that he wore twin six-shooter handles facing front; he talked with his mouth clenched; and he had a "wicked right" whenever he used it on the opposing forces. I don't believe I have ever read or heard of any bad publicity about this great action star ... he kept up his good image even off the screen. There were articles written about him, stating that he had patterned his screen life after the late, great William S. Hart. Summing up his long screen career, I would say that Bill Elliott achieved this goal.

His real name was Gordan Nance, and he was born in 1903 on a farm near Pattonsburgh, Missouri ... but the family moved to Kansas City when he was 10 years old, and this is where he received his education. His father being associated with the stock yards there, young Gordan received first-hand knowledge about cattle and horses. From the visiting cowboys he learned to ride and rope, and at a young age he was competing in rodeos.

While in high school, the "acting bug" bit him, and after graduation he headed for Hollywood. He enrolled in the Pasadena Community Playhouse and made the jump to the movies in 1928. For several years after, his career stood at a standstill — he even played the villain in several of Dick Foran's westerns.

Summing up his career he figured he wasn't getting ahead, so he changed his name to William Elliott and in 1938 got his first big break, the lead role in Columbia's action serial, *The Great Adventures of Will Bill Hickok*. The chapter play proved to be the turning point in his career, and he was soon cast in another serial by the studio entitled *Overland with Kit Carson*. His role as Wild Bill Hickok somehow stuck with the fans — it must have been the way he played the part of this great western hero: his way of putting over his dialogue, the way he wore his guns, and the action he was capable of providing. They all proved to be a winning formula for Bill, and he was on his way to stardom. He remained with Columbia Pictures for five years as one of their top western stars.

Bill took over the part of Red Ryder from Don Barry in 1943, a move that was profitable for both himself and Republic Pictures; he also gave new life to the Fred Harmon comic strip character. He rode and fought through 16 of these popular "Red Ryder" films in two years, then he decided to call it quits for bigger and better productions. From 1942 to 1953 he was voted one of the 10 best money-making stars by the Motion Picture Herald. His pictures, *Fargo, In Old Sacramento, The Fabulous Texan,* and others that followed, gave him a chance to really act, and it can be said that these films were similar roles played by his screen idol, William S. Hart. In all, they were better than average productions that were being filmed at the time.

Elliott decided to hang up his guns in 1954, a time when most of the western stars had been forced to call it quits. He had completed 20 years as a top western star and had over 70 films to his credit. He did manage to keep active by hosting a TV show which featured his old pictures. He also operated a large cattle and horse ranch in California. After his retirement he settled down to his other ranch in Las Vegas, Nevada. It was here that he became ill with cancer and passed away on November 26, 1965, thus lowering the curtain on the career of one of the most exciting and thrilling action stars of the screen. ● RW

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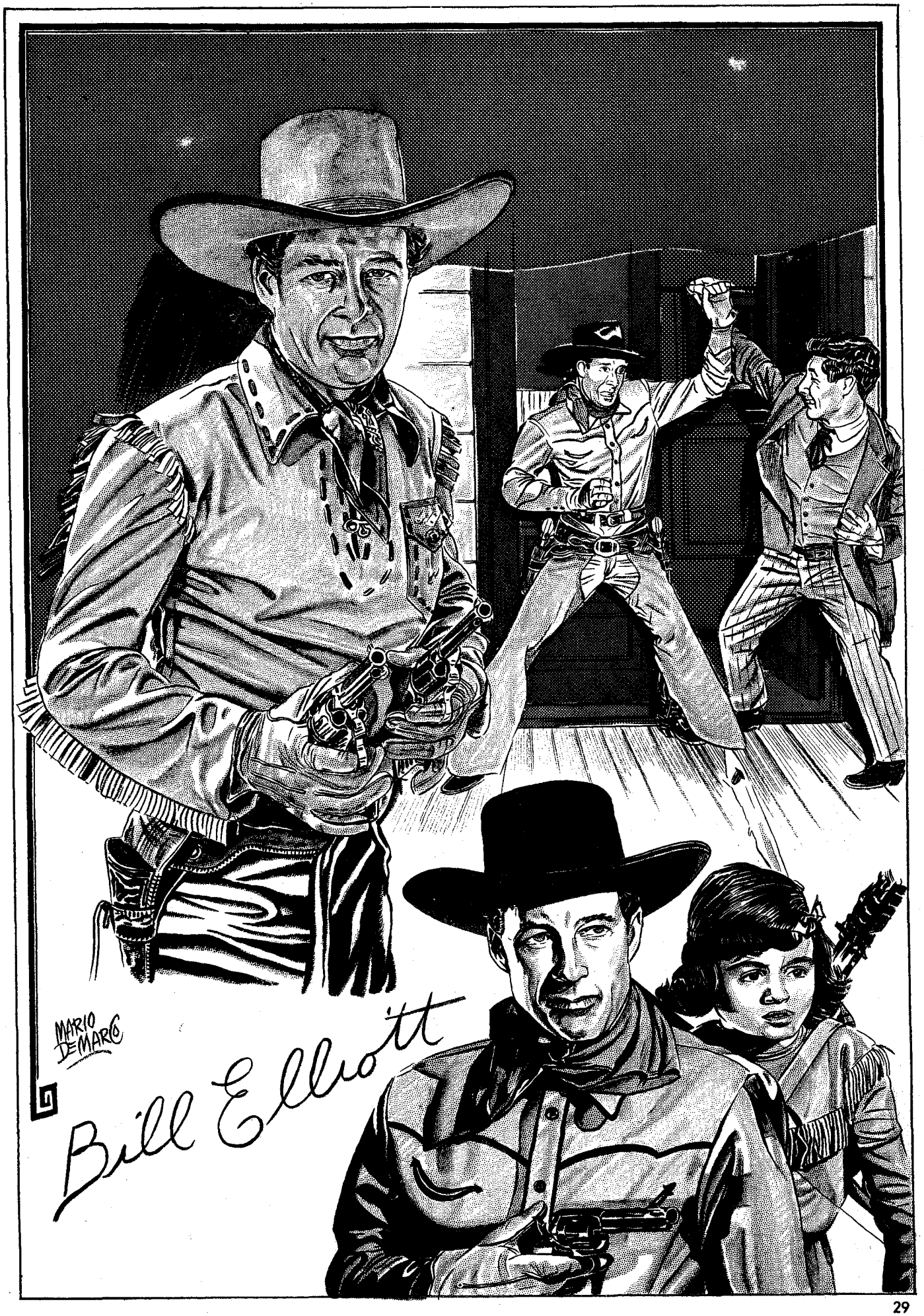

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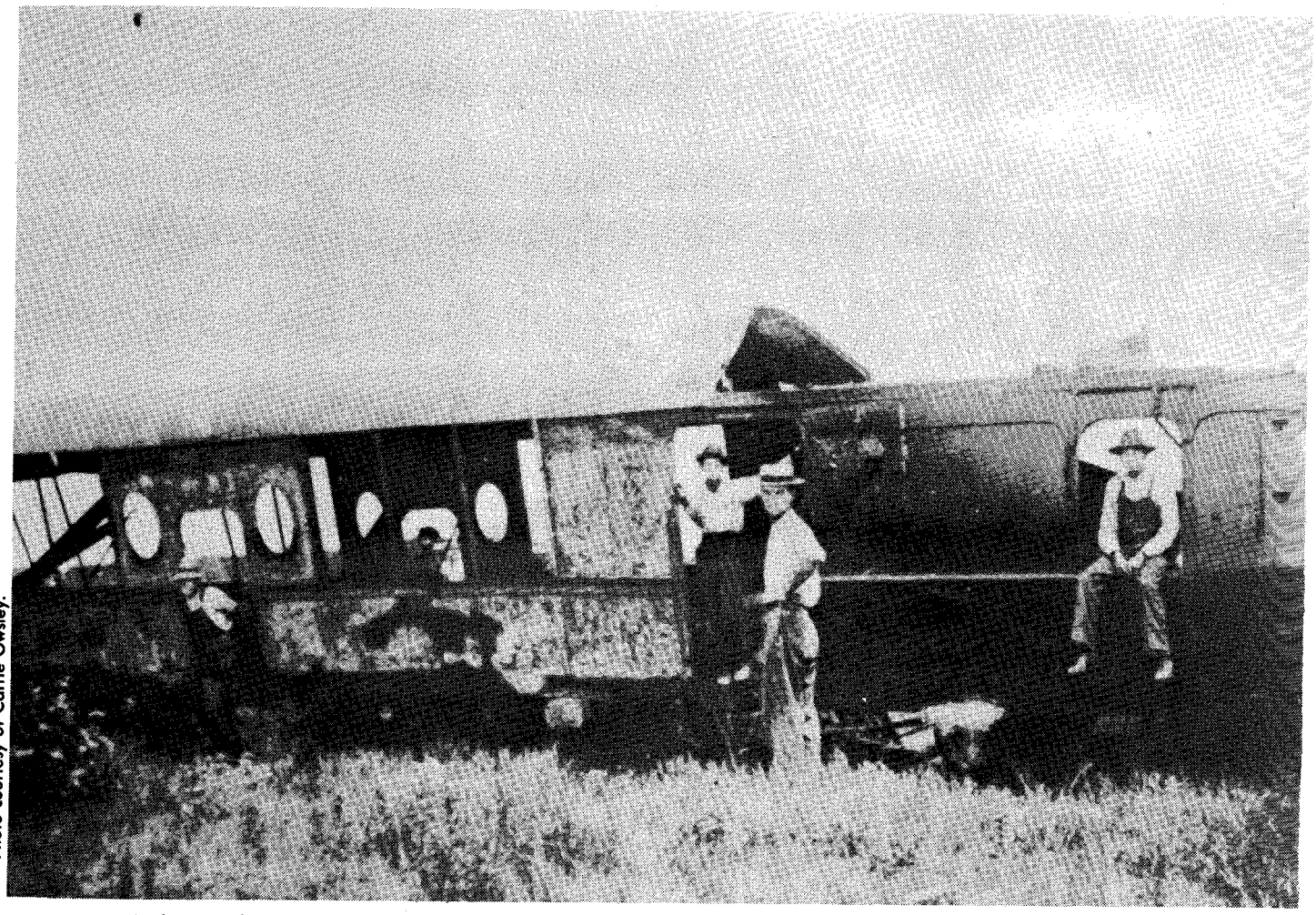

Photo courtesy of Carrie Owsley.

The wreckage of the M&NA motorcar as it appeared a few days after the August 5, 1914 crash. Notice how the KCS locomotive tore right through the middle of the motorcar.

TRAGEDY AT TIPTON FORD

by Roy Halliday

In 1914, gasoline - electric passenger cars were becoming popular on short-haul feeder lines. On smaller railroad lines in the Midwest, the regulations for trains heading in opposite directions were clear-cut. This is what happened when a breakdown occurred.

In late summer of 1914, the durable Kansas City Southern Railroad and the little known but tempestuous Missouri & North Arkansas were seeing an upturn in business as the war in Europe brought an increase in demand for American-produced supplies. As a result, the managements and crews of these two railroads were experiencing a boost in morale. The events of August 5 of that year, however, quickly put a damper on their high spirits.

When the morning of that day began, the Kansas City Southern Railway was looking forward to another profitable day, moving cargo along its many miles of track. Conductor Sisk and engineman Brennan prepared to take locomotive No. 805 at the head of KSC train 1st No. 56 on its run between Heavenor, Oklahoma and Pittsburgh, Kansas. They were waiting to receive their orders from train dispatcher W.R. Sebring in Pittsburgh. The single-track KSC line operated under the train order system and depended upon dispatchers to relay orders to the conductors.

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The Missouri and North Arkansas had even more reason to be happy that morning about the increase in business than did the KCS management. After its shaky beginning in the late 1800's, the mountain railroad had nothing but trouble, having already gone into receivership twice, unable to pay even the interest on its bonds. Manager E. M. Wise, who had taken control in 1911 and remained in position when the road went into receivership in 1912, was able to begin improvements after the issue of $2,500,000 in Receiver's Certificates. Wise believed in spending money to make money, and he had succeeded in bringing the road up to the grade of a Class 1 carrier.

He had ordered two new General Electric Motorcars which were the rage of the decade and were plushly fitted inside. These motorcars used a gasoline engine to turn an electric generator which produced power for the two 100-horsepower motors mounted on the front axles. A huge gasoline storage tank was mounted under the floor. The dangers of this had already been pointed out by some people, but the cars were economical to operate and so the dangers were overlooked.

On August 5, 1914, it seemed that somehow the M & NA had shrugged off its coat of bad luck and was heading toward prosperous times. Fate, however, had set up its own timetable, and before the evening was over, grand plans would turn into a fiery nightmare, sending the M&NA books hopelessly into the red and costing the lives of 43 people in the process.

The chain of events began many miles away with a freight train wreck south of Gravette, Arkansas, which delayed KCS passenger train No. 2 for nearly eight hours. When things began moving again, the passengers and mail sacks were transferred from No. 2, and the train became part of 1st No. 56 operated by conductor Sisk and engineman Brennan. So far things were under control. 1st No. 56 was running late but that was nothing serious.

Meanwhile, conductor S.A. Nicholas and motorman Herbert Ratliff were preparing to take Missouri & North Arkansas Motorcar No. 103 on its regular run from Joplin, Missouri, to Harrison, Arkansas. For the first twenty miles from Joplin to Neosho, Missouri, the motorcar would be operating as Train No. 209 on Kansas City Southern tracks, subject to the operating rules of the KCS Railway.

Conductor Nicholas entered the Joplin Union Station to receive his orders from operator William Hadley. He was recognized in the telegraph office by conductor Gibson of extra train No. 563. Gibson had just finished receiving his orders, and he pushed the register toward him. When Gibson left he looked back and saw that conductor Nicholas was still standing at the register. The time was about 5:05 p.m. Conductor Gibson assumed that Nicholas was registering his train and waiting to receive the train orders he himself had received.

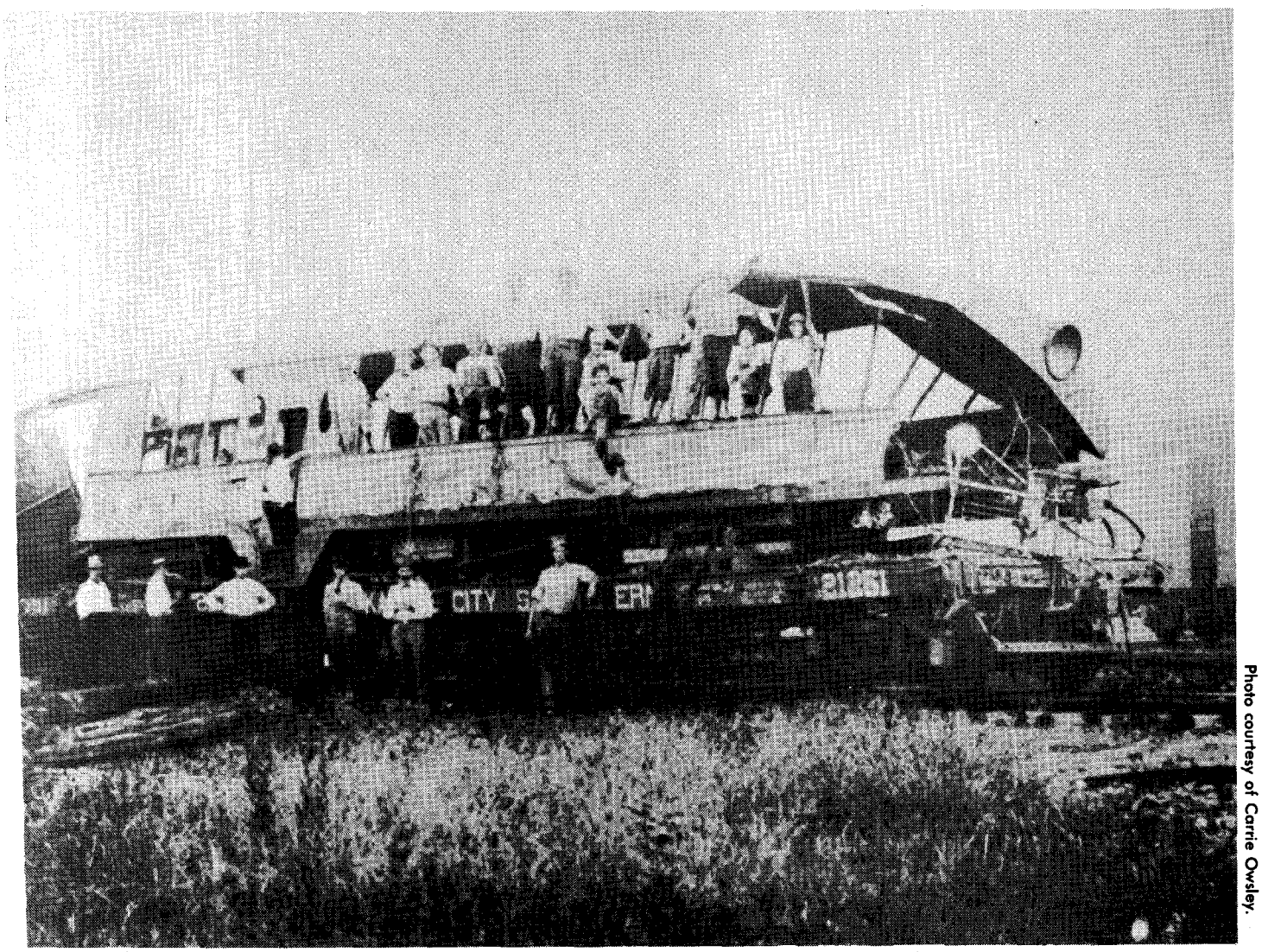

Photo courtesy of Carrie Owsley.

Trainmen and spectators pose with the wreckage of the M&NA motorcar after it was loaded onto a KCS flatcar.

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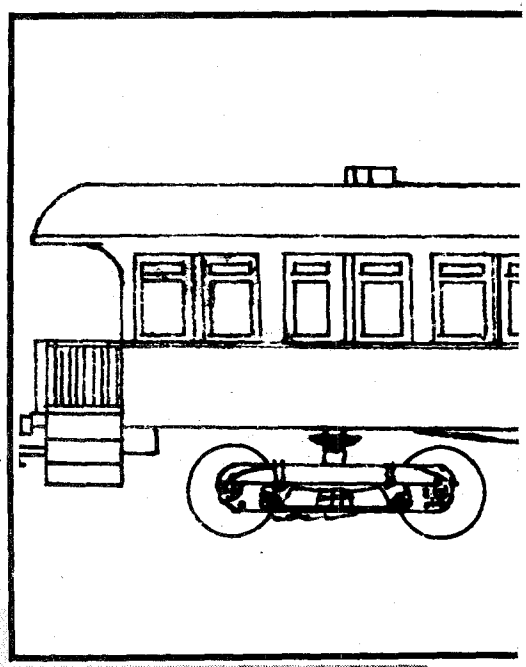
Later, at about 5:20 p.m. conductor Hailey of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway saw Nicholas still at the register with a bundle of papers in his hand. Then he saw Nicholas and another man walk toward train No. 209 which was M&NA Motorcar No. 103.

It is logical to assume that the papers which conductor Hailey saw in Nicholas's hands were his train orders relayed to operator Hadley from dispatcher W. R. Sebring in Pittsburgh, Kansas. Dispatcher Sebring had sent order No. 84 which read: "First No. 56 meet No. 209 at Tipton Ford and wait at Tipton Ford until 5:50 p.m. Saginaw 6 p.m. for extra No. 563 south."

According to this order, Motorcar No. 103 under conductor Nicholas, which was operating as Train No. 209 on Kansas City Southern tracks, was to take the siding at Tipton Ford and wait for time freight No. 56 under conductor Sisk. Conductor Gibson of extra No. 563, who had pushed the register toward Nicholas at the Joplin Station, had received order No. 84. So had conductor Sisk. The order had been made complete with conductor Nicholas's signature at 5:08 p.m., and operator Hadley had placed the order number on the clearance car. If conductor Nicholas followed his usual custom, he showed the train orders to motorman Herbert Ratliff and double-checked to be sure they were understood.

Motorcar No. 103 was on time as it prepared to head for Eureka Springs on the first leg of its run to Harrison. Eureka Springs was a popular vacation and resort town, and the car was often full on this trip. The car normally seated sixty-two passengers, but that evening it was so loaded that J.J. Lauderback, M&NA line foreman, had to sit on a folding stool out on the rear platform. He was to be thankful later for this necessity which probably saved his life.



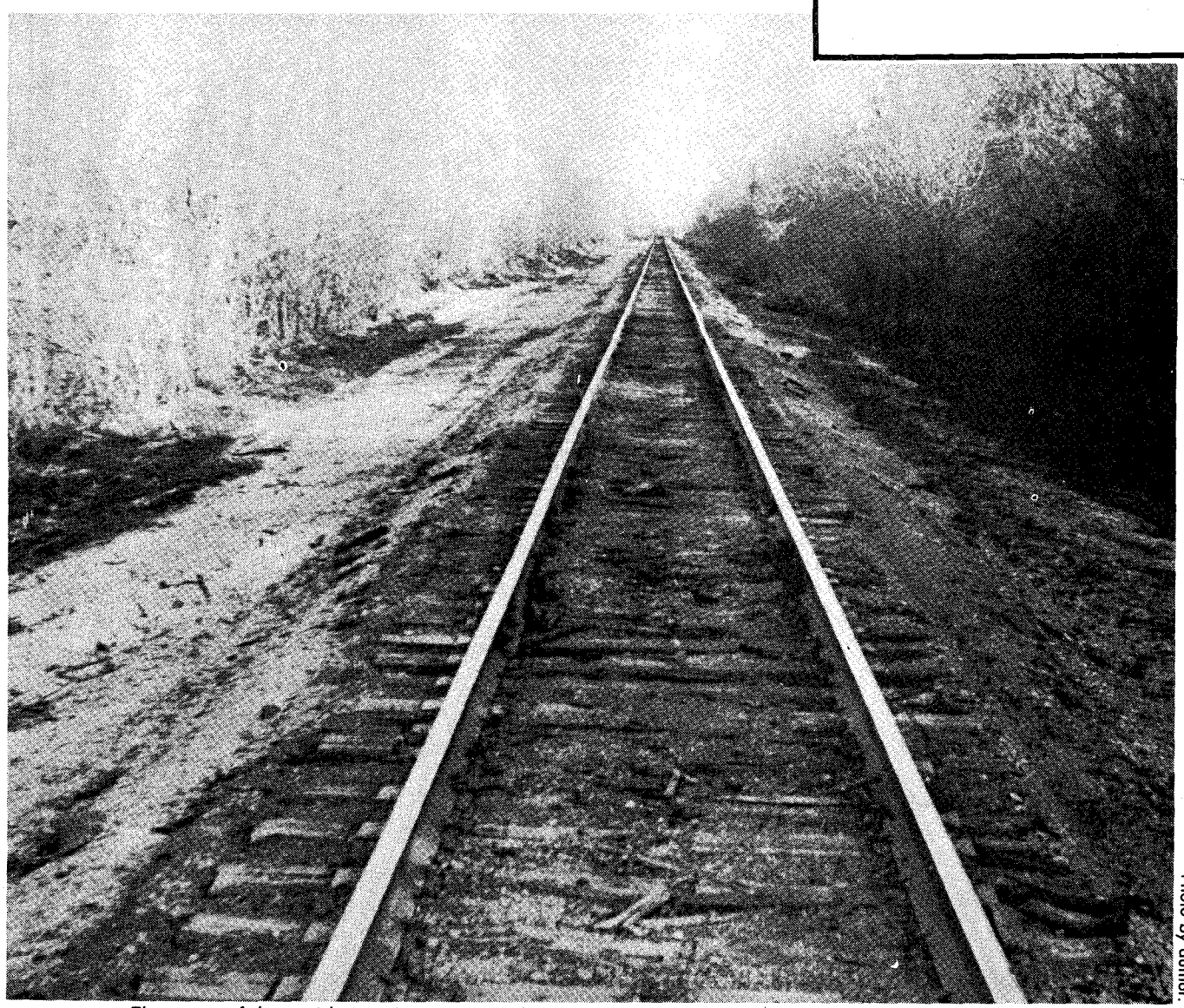


Photo by author.

The scene of the accident as it appears today. KCS 1st No. 56 rounded the curve at top of photo and came face to face with M&NA Motorcar No. 103, which was traveling toward it.

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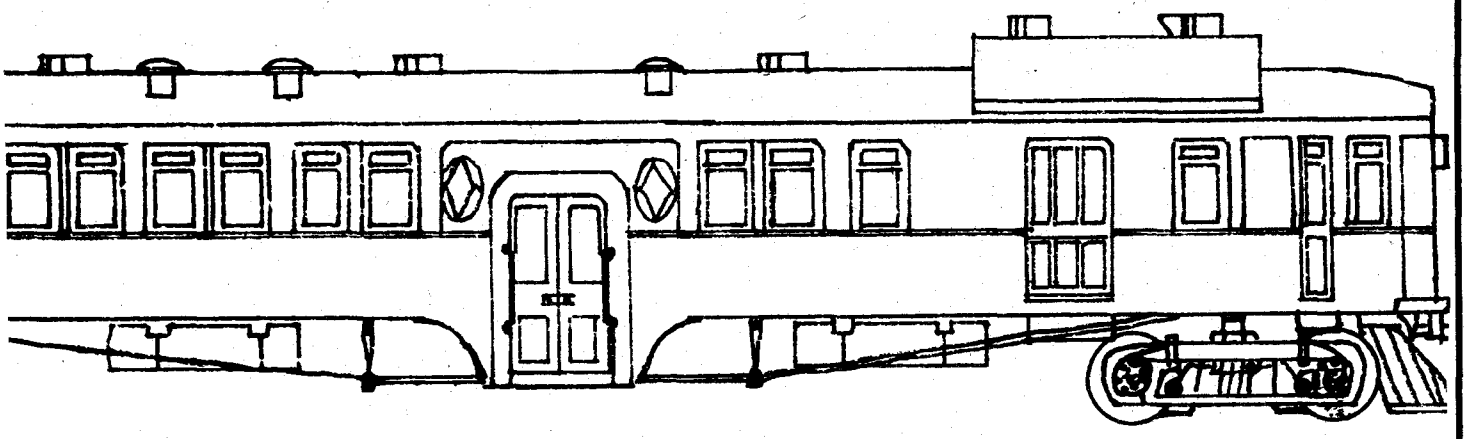

Prototype of M&NA Gas-Electric No. 103.

Ratliff set the wheels of Motorcar No. 103 in motion and began to move out of the yards at exactly 5:30 p.m. The operators at Harrison, Arkansas were waiting for the car to arrive at 11:59 p.m. It was to be a long wait.

Ten minutes after, the motorcar left Joplin, heading south toward Neosho at the controls of KCS freight 1st No. 56. The two trains were heading toward each other about fifteen miles apart.

It was about this time that operator Hadley at the Joplin station suddenly discovered that conductor Nicholas had failed to register his train out. He immediately informed dispatcher Sebring at Pittsburgh that the train had not been registered out but had left at 5:30 p.m. Dispatcher Sebring replied, "O.K." This was the first time conductor Nicholas had failed to register a train.

Dispatcher Sebring then asked operator Hadley if order No. 84 had been delivered. Hadley informed him it had and then repeated the order at Sebring's request. He stated that conductor Nicholas had signed the orders but had not read them back to him. This news satisfied Sebring who had found operator Hadley's work to be first class. Tipton Ford, Missouri, is only about eleven miles south of Joplin, and Motorcar No. 103 approached on time at 5:55 p.m. Nicholas had already completed the gathering of tickets and should have hit the emergency cord when he saw that motorman Ratliff was not going to stop at the siding. Either Ratliff knew nothing about the wait order or he had forgotten, and Nicholas, if he knew, apparently did not inform him at this time. Everyone seemed to be asleep as the motorcar clicked right on by the Tipton Ford siding.

The country around Tipton Ford consists of scenic hills, and the track twists and turns for a distance along the bank of Shoal Creek. Just after passing the Tipton Creek siding, Motorcar 103 headed into a curve around a hillside. The length of track which could be seen was limited to about 500 ft. Motorman Ratliff had the gas-electric doing about thirty-five mph.

Rolling his way north, engineer John Brennan was relaxed in his position at the controls of the big Pacific-type locomotive No. 805, confident that he had the green for a clear track. His conductor, Mr. Sisk, had received the same orders which had been sent to the Joplin Station, and as Tipton Ford approached, he expected to see the M&NA motorcar waiting patiently on the siding for the lumbering No. 209.

What engineer Brennan saw was not in his plans at all. As if by magic, the motorcar appeared on the rails before him, less that 500 ft. away. Motorman Ratliff may have seen Brennan's train at about the same time. You can just imagine the chill that rippled down the spine of these two railroad men as they realized that the most dreaded thing they had ever dreamed of was about to happen.

There was no time now for rectifying mistakes. Figure for yourself how much time it takes for two trains to meet, traveling at 35 mph from 500 ft. apart. Engineer Brennan had just enough time to shut off the steam and yank the brake valve handle in an emergency move that was all but futile. It is believed that Ratliff did not apply the brakes at all on Motorcar No. 103. Witnesses claimed there was no violent braking before the moment of impact.

The smash was terrible indeed. the M&NA motorcar was no match at all for the heavy KCS locomotive. The Pacific squashed its opponent much the same as a man would stomp a cockroach, almost turning it inside out. It rammed the smaller car backward some 600 ft. and had 20 ft. of the motorcar plastered to its front, along with some of the occupants including motorman Ratliff whose mangled body was almost unrecognizable.

According to William Drury, who was a passenger on the motorcar along with his wife and children, there was no knowledge of anything amiss until "suddenly there was a terrific impact." Fortunately for Drury and his family, they had been unable to find seats except at the very rear of the car. Drury was thrown clear by the impact and was able to go back and rescue all of his family, along

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with a few other survivors.

Lauderback, who had been thrown clear from his perch on the rear platform, landed alongside Webb and was also able to get back inside through a window and rescue some people. Rescue work could not continue for long, however, for even while being carried down the track on the front of No. 806, the gasoline storage tanks beneath the motorcar erupted in a burst of flames and noise. Those who had somehow survived the head-on crash were now imprisoned inside a flaming fireball, many unable to move because they were trapped by wreckage.

As Webb and Lauderback were rescuing those they could get to, they heard screams from some of the trapped people begging someone to kill them rather than let the fire roast them alive. The moans of the dying filled the air. One twelve - year - old boy, who had been flung through an open window, tried to get back in, sobbing hysterically that his mother was inside. The boy, Lova Ishelan, was forcibly restrained. His mother, Mrs. C.L. Ishelan, was later found among the dead.

By now, the crew of Freight No. 56 was hurrying to help. The big engine had stayed on the rails and no one aboard the freight train was injured badly. Lauderback shouted that further trips inside the flaming wreckage were impossible, and he hurried on foot back to Tipton Ford to telephone for emergency help. While he was gone, Dr. H.F. Foster, who happened to be in the vicinity, began giving aid to the injured wherever he could.

The KCS Railway immediately dispatched two trains from Joplin, one to bring back the dead and injured and another loaded with doctors and nurses. Some of the people who had been rescued or thrown clear from the motorcar were so badly burned or injured that they died later. Many of the bodies were loaded onto the flatcar and taken to Neosho, where a public burial was held two days later for over 30 who remained unidentified. The final death toll reached 43, and the wreck was listed as one of the major railroad accidents of all time in the United States by the Federal Railroad Administration.

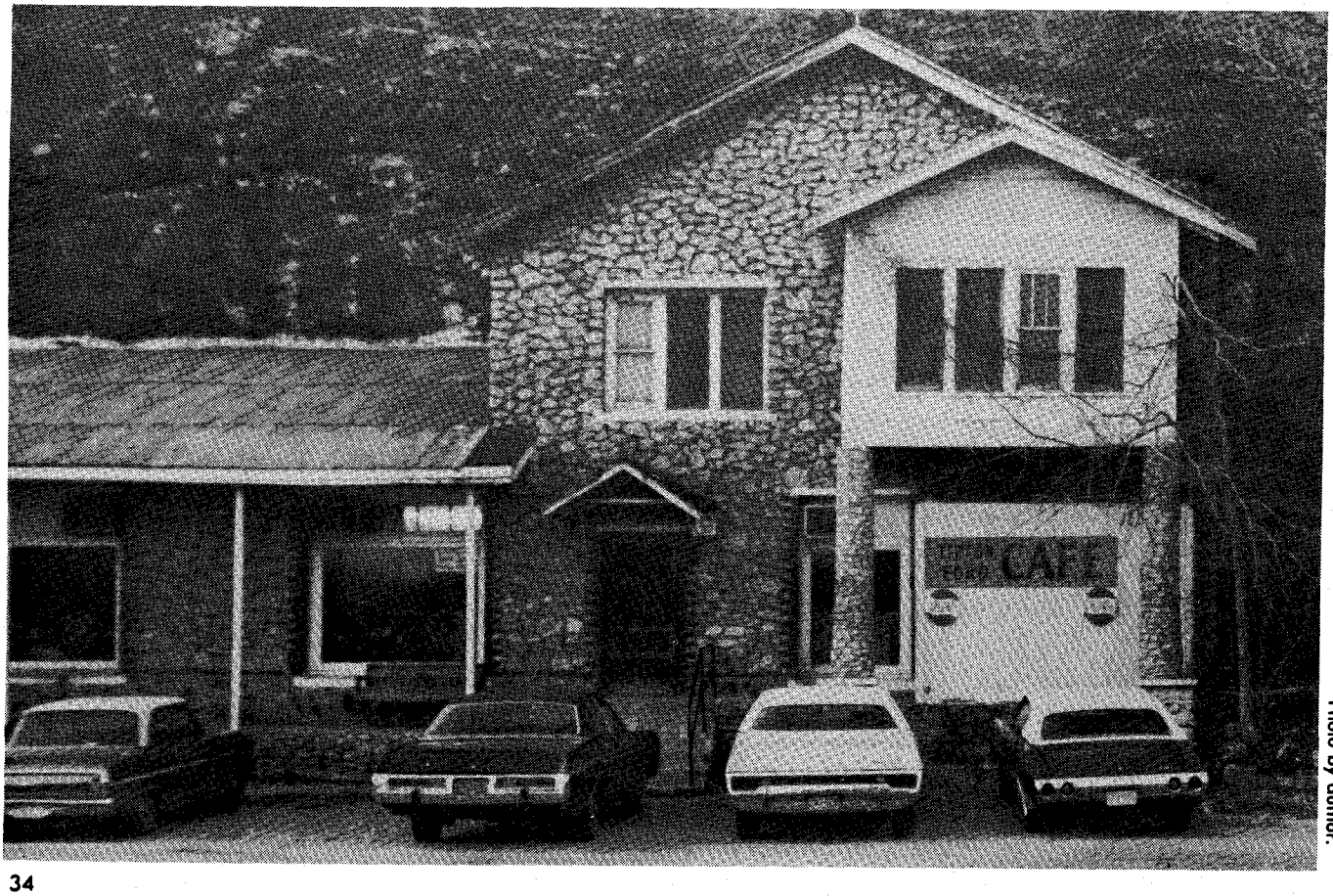
The entire crew of the motorcar was killed, and this made it impossible for the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Missouri Public Service Commission to determine for certain the cause of the accident. They did not establish fault but ruled that each railroad would pay its own liability claims which arose from the accident.

Naturally, since a total of 43 M&NA passengers were killed and many more injured, while there were casualties aboard the KCS train, the heaviest burden of liabilities landed upon the shoulders of the M&NA. The railroad found the resultant drain ($190,000) from the treasury almost too much to bear. It is entirely possible that this terrible accident was the turning point which started the Missouri & North Arkansas' slow but sure drift toward abandonment.

Today Tipton Ford is only a sleepy switch along the Kansas City Southern route, and the M&NA has long since ceased to exist. The August 5,1914 memories have been laid to rest, and if you were to ask the local inhabitants about that date, they would probably furrow their brows and ask, "Why, what happened?"

What happened was that forty-three people lost their lives and a serious shadow was cast upon the use of gasoline motorcars as a method of rail transportation. In its report the Interstate Commerce Commission stated that, "The rapidly increasing use of these motorcars carrying large quantities of gasoline, introduces such an additional element of danger as to demand extraordinary precautions against the possibility of collisions wherever such cars are used." ●**RW**

The Tipton Ford Cafe stands near the place where the Tipton Ford Siding used to be.



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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

ART OF THE NORTHWEST COAST INDIANS AND PLAINS TRIBES

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Some ancient Indian art has been lost through carelessness, and much of it has gone to foreign lands where its value and beauty has always been recognized. Now American Indian art is becoming popular in its own land and is being sought by collectors.

Almost every Indian tribe had some artistic specialty to distinguish it from other tribes; still much of the art was shared with neighboring tribes.

Among the Northwest Coast tribes, those tribes in the area of the Columbia River north to the Arctic, the art was more single in style; figures of animals, human beings, and mythical monsters were carved or painted on houses, canoes, wooden boxes and totem poles. The carving was in the round, in high relief and in low relief, then paint was applied in red and black to all forms of carving. Paint was also applied to smooth surfaces. The carvings were depicted to represent supernatural beings who had revealed themselves to the ancestors of the one permitted to carve, paint and display them. Art was geared to religion and social organization, and ownership and display of an object of art was proof of noble descent and rapport with the supernatural. The art forms were similar to crests, showing the status, rank, wealth and social class of the carver. Stone, bone, horn and ivory also had similar types of carving; even copper was hammered into designs. Hides were painted and the designs were woven into baskets and blankets. Wooden carving and designs outnumbered all other types.

Men of the Northwest Coast tribes were always the artists, but few worked full-time at their profession. Food had to be hunted, houses and canoes had to be built, and also the undecorated utilitarian objects had to be made. At times the women did weave baskets or hats, or make blankets and dance costumes. It was the man who designed the pattern board which the woman followed in weaving the Chilkat blanket.

There were two major stylistic divisions in the art of the Northwest Coast tribes — those in the North (the Tlingit, Tsimshian and Haida) and those in the Central part (the Salish, Kwakiutl, and the Nootka).

The art of the Northern group was most distinctive, generally being applied art. It was usually stylized. Most of their art was done as decoration of utilitarian objects, such as houses, canoes, boxes and other everyday items. The artist had to adapt his figures to the cylindrical form of the totem pole, or the flat angular surface of a house, or the rounded surface of the plate or curved line of the ladle. Conventionalization was the form of art here, with a little naturalism. There was lateral symmetry accomplished on flat surfaces by splitting the animal or other figure longitudinally and exhibiting two profiles instead of one. On a round surface, two profiles were shown wrapped around the outside of the surface. To distinguish each class of the animals, certain features served as markers, and mythical monsters were at times identified by a combination of features from two or more species: the bear having a short snout with large teeth and protruding tongue; the wolf, a long snout and big teeth; the beaver, protruding upper incisor teeth with a wide flat tail marked with cross-hatching and holding a stick in its forepaws. The eagle was shown having a downward curved beak, while the raven's was long and straight.

People of the north filled up all space available. Rounded lines of an animal figure were squared to fit a rectangular surface, or forced into a cylindrical shape to fit a section of totem pole or handle. The figures on the totem pole were often interlocked to avoid any vacant space.

The art of the people of the central area was distinguishable from that of the north. Figures of the central tribes were more naturalistic and not so conventionalized. They were three-dimensional carvings accomplished by cutting deeper into the log, to the point that the statue appeared naturalistic in proportion rather than a high-relief carving on the cylindrical shape of the natural log. Appendages to figures carved also added naturalism; the wings of the thunderbird were often added by fastening together pieces of wood to the main figure. The dorsal fin of the killer whale was a separate piece of wood protruding from the log out of which the body of the whale was carved. Elaborate masks with added pieces (sometimes wood, bits of hide or feathers making them appear more naturalistic) were found among these people.

Of the two types of art, that of the Tlingit, Haida and Tsimshian (or the people of the north) is, as a whole, the most distinctive and represents the most specialized achievement.

Among the Plains Indian tribes, the art was usually decorative or applied art. Art was applied to hides, the most common of their materials. This was painted or worked with porcupine-quill embroidery or bead work, although painting was the most usual. The Plains people decorated stone pipes, rattles, and ceremonial objects by adding feathers or other objects to them.

Embroidery and painting were applied to men's shirts, women's dresses, moccasins, tipi covers and linings, shields, medicine cases, and other items. Almost everything in daily life, as well as religious life, had some kind of decoration. Colors used in painting were brown, red, yellow, black, blue and green. Most of these colors were obtained from clay; the black from charcoal.

There were two distinct styles of painting. The men usually painted naturalistic figures of animals, while the women painted geometric figures. The two types were usually kept separate on the same robe, although

(continued on page 61)

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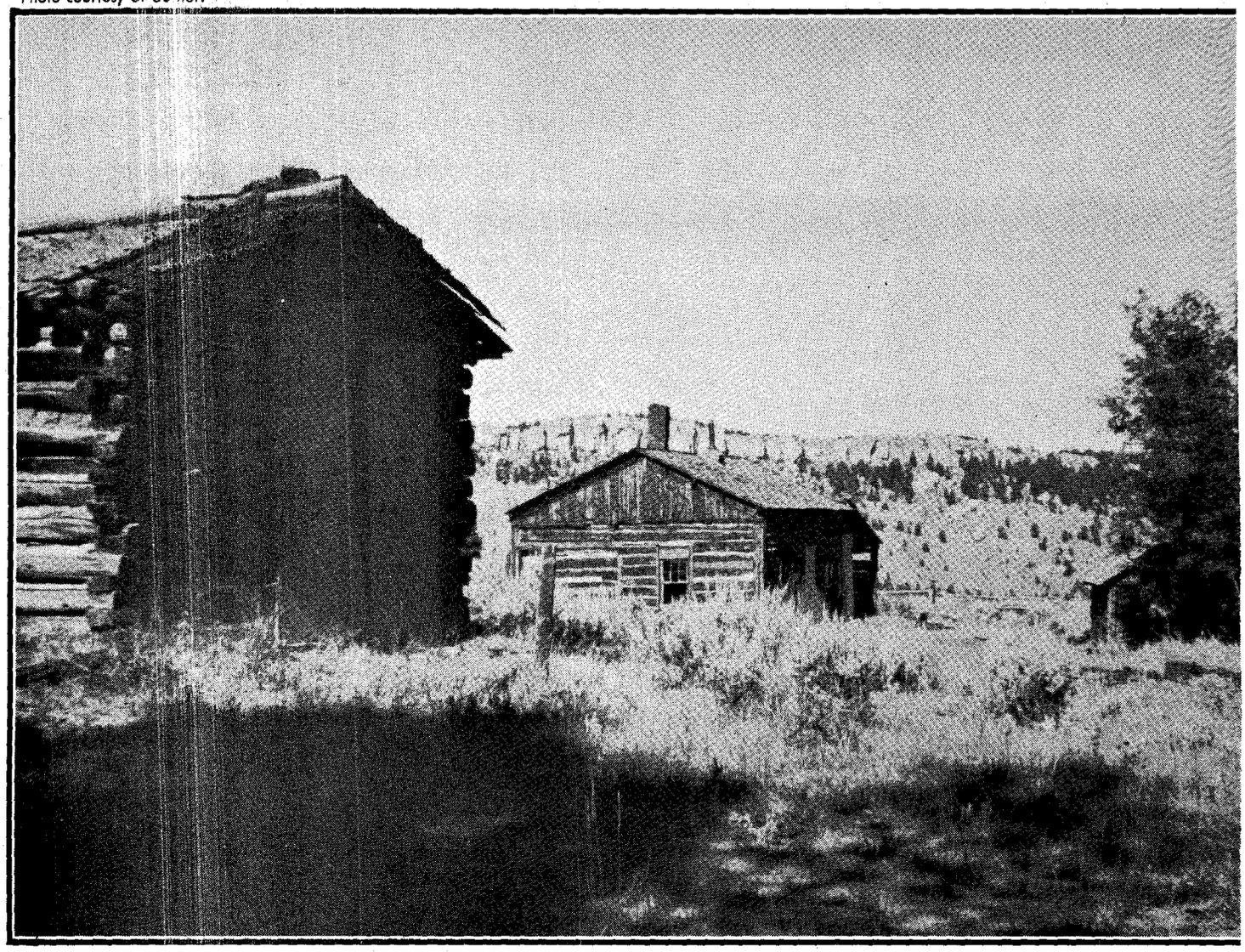

This view of Miner's Delight shows the rear of the Bryant Cabin. In the background is Beaver Bluffs.

MINER'S DELIGHT

by Daniel Thomas

Gold was discovered in the South Pass of the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming in 1842 by a miner who struck it lucky and was then struck dead by local Indians. Later arrivals were more fortunate.

The storm clouds were gathering on that afternoon of September 13, 1868, and James Chisholm, correspondent to the Chicago *Tribune,* was tired and worried.

He had good reason to be tired, for he had spent the better part of the afternoon hiking in circles through the forest. And he had good reason to be worried, for the hills were full of menacing Indians.

Chisholm was relieved to see a lone prospector, leading a pony, approach from the woods. Chisholm, in a poetic frame of mind, said to the prospector, "Gentle hermit of the dale, guide my lonely way to Miner's Delight."

"Miner's Delight!" the prospector cried. "You are far off the road to Miner's Delight."

"Then tell me where I can strike it."

The prospector directed Chisholm to the right path. And after a walk of eight miles, the reporter stood at the edge of a valley and looked down at "a number of log houses nestled snugly enough near a field of young trees and bushes." A large dog climbed to the top of the hill upon which Chisholm was standing and barked a welcome at the newcomer. Chisholm breathed a sigh of relief; at last he had come to Miner's Delight.

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Miner's Delight is now a forlorned handful of cabins, a ghost camp tucked away in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming's South Pass mining district, that "Land of Half a Million Phantoms."

The story of Miner's Delight begins with the Wyoming gold rush of over a century ago.

Gold was first discovered in the South Pass area in 1842 by a trapper, who, after making his discovery, was killed by Indians. Not until 1855 did gold seekers again enter the Pass.

These new searchers of El Dorado were a party of impoverished '49'ers on their way home to the East. In the many tributaries of the Pass's Sweetwater River, they panned a good deal of gold. And after finding the signs of a promising lode, they dug an exploratory shaft.

But threats from such tribes as the Sioux, Shoshone, Arapahoe and Cheyenne, combined with the bitter cold of winter, forced the '49'ers to retreat to Fort Laramie, where they whiled away the winter spending their gold on whisky and cards.

In 1858 a smaller party of these prospectors returned to the Sweetwater, again found gold and again met hostile Indians. Those who had not been scalped and killed sought steadier and safer work, putting up hay for the Overland Stage Company or cutting telegraph poles.

But the word was out that there was gold in South Pass, and despite the menacing Indians, more determined men, many of them professional soldiers, sought their fortunes in the Wind Rivers.

By June of 1867, South Pass miners had organized the Shoshone Mining District with the filing of many lode and placer claims, including the rich Cariso lode.

A half mile below the Cariso mine, later renamed Carissa, a town took shape along Willow Creek. This town, South Pass City, would eventually boast of nearly a score of saloons, a shooting gallery, a bowling alley, a beer garden, five restaurants, two churches, and Esther Morris, a woman who fought for and won the right to vote for Wyoming women.

Not far from South Pass City was another settlement, Atlantic City. It would soon boast of an opera house and a brewery.

Some miners, finding the diggings around these two towns crowded and picked over, settled eight miles northeast of South Pass City in a well-timbered valley formed by hills on one side and Beaver Bluffs on the other. There the miners found good placer deposits in the tributaries of Beaver Creek — Meadow, Spring and Yankee gulches — and, in the summer of 1867, organized the California Mining Disttrict.

Among those who worked the sluices along the gulches was Jonathan Pugh. One day, so the legend goes, Pugh staggered from his cabin in a state of intoxication. Not more than fifty feet from his cabin door, Pugh spied a glittering vein of gold-bearing quartz.

The veracity of the legend is not important. What is important is that in September of 1867, Pugh and his partners, including Frank McGovern, Jack Holbrook, Major Patrick Gallagher and Dave Manson, filed a claim for the Miner's Delight lode. In honor of the new venture, a cluster of cabins seven hundred feet beneath the lode, was christened Miner's Delight. Later, for reasons unknown, the town was renamed Hamilton City. But the camp's original name, being more colorful, was always more popular. In any event, the town is called by both names in official records and historical sources.

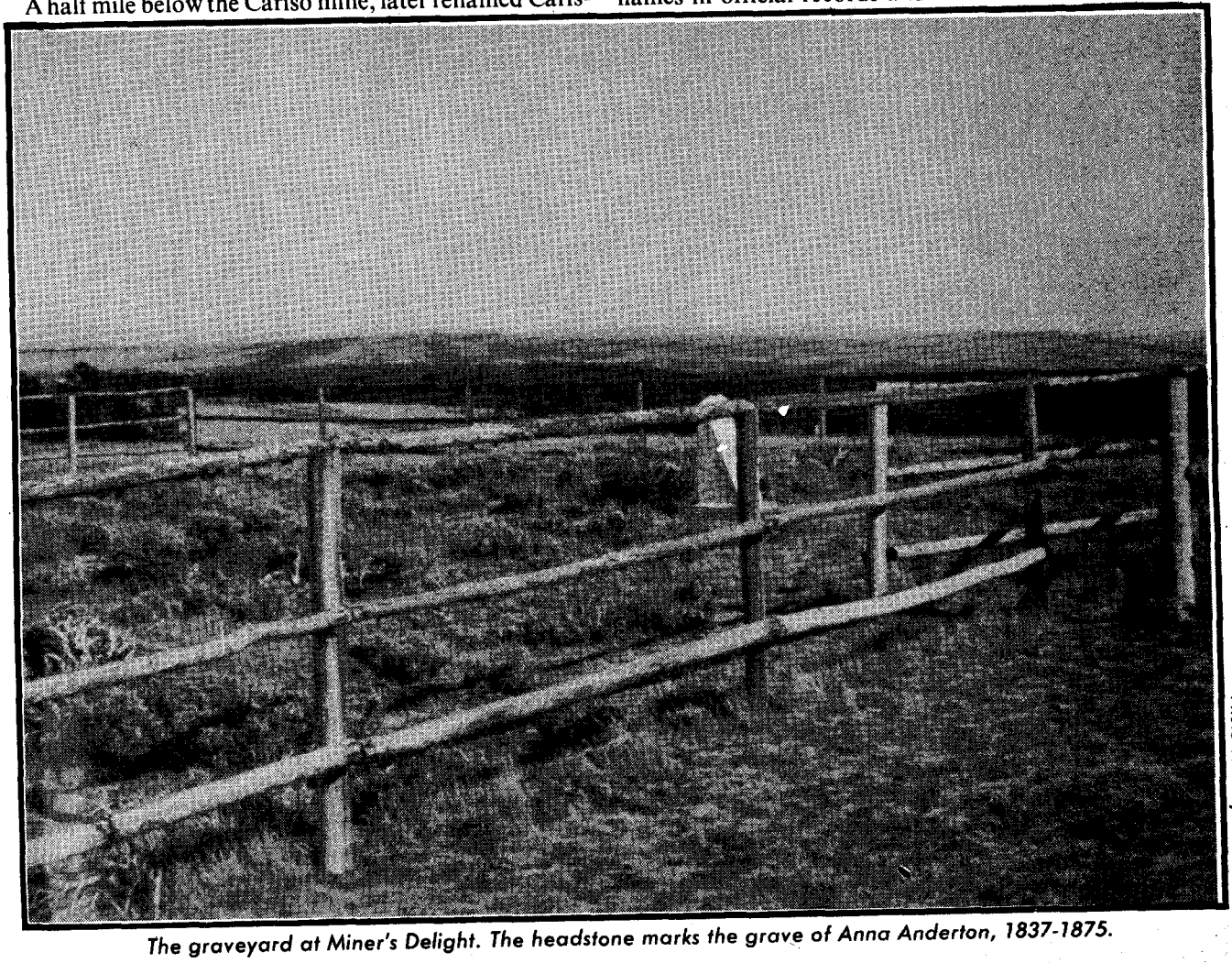

Photo courtesy of author.

The graveyard at Miner's Delight. The headstone marks the grave of Anna Anderton, 1837-1875.

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During the following winter, the Miner's Delight partners began digging a shaft, and using a crude, hand mortar process, they were able to extract $16 in gold from twenty-two pounds of ore on one occasion.

In the spring, placer miners near Miner's Delight averaged $40 in gold a day. The miners claimed that if they had more water, they could increase their earnings to $100 a day. With only ten to fifteen inches of water to work with, placer mining was limited. Plans to dig canals from nearby creeks proved to be infeasible.

But the Miner's Delight lode looked promising. Milling equipment was slow in coming to the Pass. Except for hand mortars and one-mule *arrastras,* the first real milling equipment did not start operation in the area until the summer of 1868, when a six-stamp mill, powered by a water wheel, went into operation near South Pass City. One week's mill run of 103 tons of Miner's Delight ore yielded $14,000 in gold. But Pugh and his partners found it impractical to haul their ore all the way to South Pass City. So they talked of getting their own mill. Luckily, a Chicagoan named Walsh visited the Pass and announced that by winter he would locate a twenty-stamp mill at Miner's Delight.

Exaggerated claims of the wealth of Sweetwater mines drove fortune hunters to flock to South Pass in the summer of 1868. Population in the Pass swelled to perhaps four or five thousand. But these new adventurers, many of them gamblers and "fifty - dollars - a - day men," found that the easy gold had already been taken. Besides, the periodical Indian raids were not to their liking. They soon left.

By the time Chisholm reached Miner's Delight in the fall, there were probably no more than one thousand residents in the pass.

After the "roaring hells" of such railroad towns as Laramie, Cheyenne and Benton, Chisholm found Miner's Delight to be peaceful and tame. He found the residents of Miner's Delight to be honest, hard-working individuals who, after shoveling and panning all day, would play a game of cards and drink a little whisky in the back rooms of the town's two stores. Other entertainment was provided by the comical antics of a young "Grizzly B'ar" named Cuff, who loved to play with the miner's pipes.

His first night in camp, Chisholm visited the cabin of Major Gallagher and his wife, Frances.

"Here was a picture of domestic comfort under the most unpromising circumstances," Chisholm wrote of the Gallaghers. "The presence of a woman (with a capital W.) was touchingly manifest in all the little household arrangements — in the clean swept hearth, the little curtained window, the arrangement of a side table, on which were books and photograph albums and other reminiscences of civilized life, and in various tender efforts to cozify and adorn the naked logs."

There were only three other women in camp during Chisholm's stay, and only one of them was alleged to have loose morals.

While the reporter did not meet any wild women, he might have run into a young hellion of a girl named Martha Cannary. According to the Cheyenne *Daily Leader* of November 3, 1885, the Gallaghers befriended the young orphan in 1868 at Fort Bridger, then took her with them to Miner's Delight. But Martha proved too wild for the camp, and the miners took up a collection to pay her way to the rip-roaring railroad towns, where the girl soon earned the name, Calamity Jane. In any event, if Chisholm did meet Calamity, he made no note of it in his journal.

Another notable Chisholm might have met was Henry Comstock of Nevada mining fame. Comstock, who had sold his share of a Nevada lode — for $11,500 — that would eventually be worth $80,000,000 was down on his luck when he arrived in Miner's Delight in 1868. Two years later, Comstock left the Pass, went to Montana, and committed suicide.

During his brief stay at Miner's Delight, Chisholm found that mining in the area had slackened. The partners in the Miner's Delight mine were widening their shaft and anxiously waiting for the arrival of the mill. Specimens from the mine were rich in free gold, and the partners were jubilant. But more experienced miners in the camp, not deceived by such "jewelry ore," waited to make final judgment about the mine's richness.

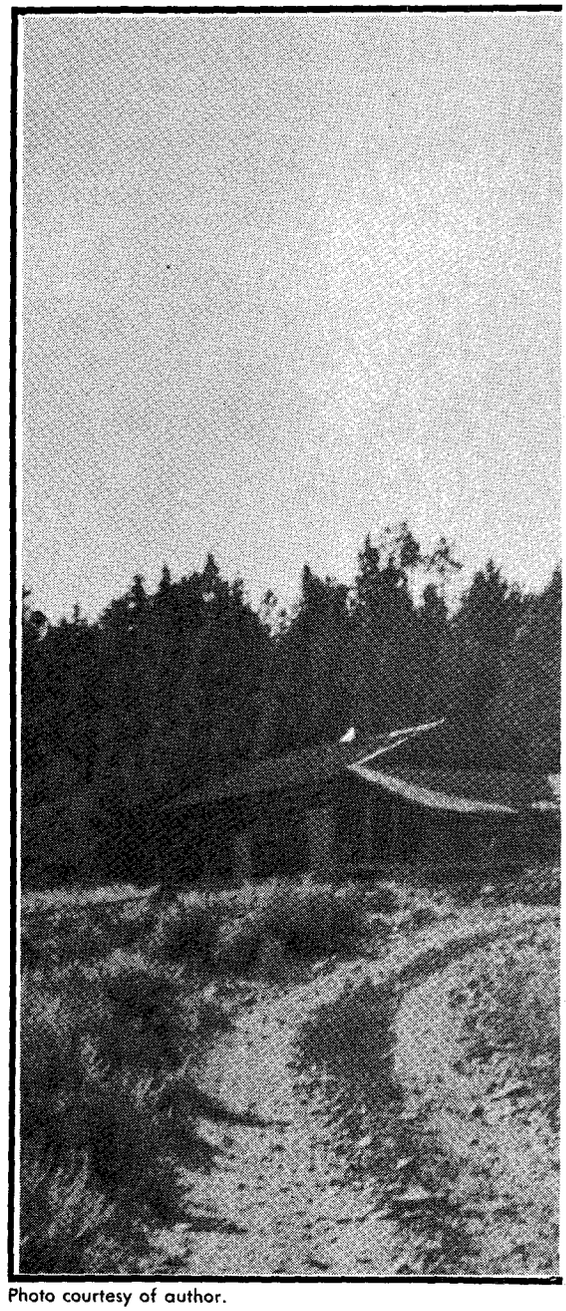
As for placers, Chisholm found that four miners in Spring Gulch were averaging $25 in gold a day, while others were barely earning enough to live on. Again, the lack of water was blamed for the poor placer mining. By November 25, 1868, the *Sweetwater Mines,* a newspaper that covered the Wyoming gold rush, reported that "Work is almost entirely suspended in the gulches" near Miner's Delight.

On January 14, 1869, Walsh's mill, which proved to be of ten stamps, not twenty, started to operate at Miner's Delight. The mill was powered by a forty-horsepower steam engine.

A U.S. Geological Survey reported that between January and July the mill extracted from $60,000 to $70,000 in gold from Miner's Delight ore. The mine's owners were well off but far from rich.

At the time of the report, the mine was highly developed, with three shafts of 50, 100 and 65 feet deep, and two horse-whims to hoist ore and water. While the nearby placer claims were begging for water, the Miner's Delight mine had too much, and often the miners had to stop work when the shafts filled with water.

The report also mentioned that two other mines, the Bennett Line and the World-beater, had been



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located near the camp of Miner's Delight. The report indicated that the Bennett Line owners had dug only one fifty-foot shaft, while the Worldbeater looked "innocent of beating the world."

The 1870 census report for Miner's Delight, made by the U.S. Marshal for Wyoming Territory, indicated that only seventy-five people were living in the camp. Of these, only one resident identified himself as a liquor dealer.

One reason for the camp's small population, besides the decline in placer mining, was the continuing trouble with the Indians, who often lurked on the edges of the settlement, waiting for lone victims. In September of 1869, Sioux hostiles ambushed a man hauling lime near Miner's Delight. The Indians promptly killed the teamster, then stole the victim's team of oxen.

The dilemma came to a head on the morning of May 4, 1870, when a contingent of 2nd U.S. Cavalry fought a battle near Miner's Delight with a band of Indian raiders. In that battle a young first lieutenant, Charles B. Stambaugh, was killed.

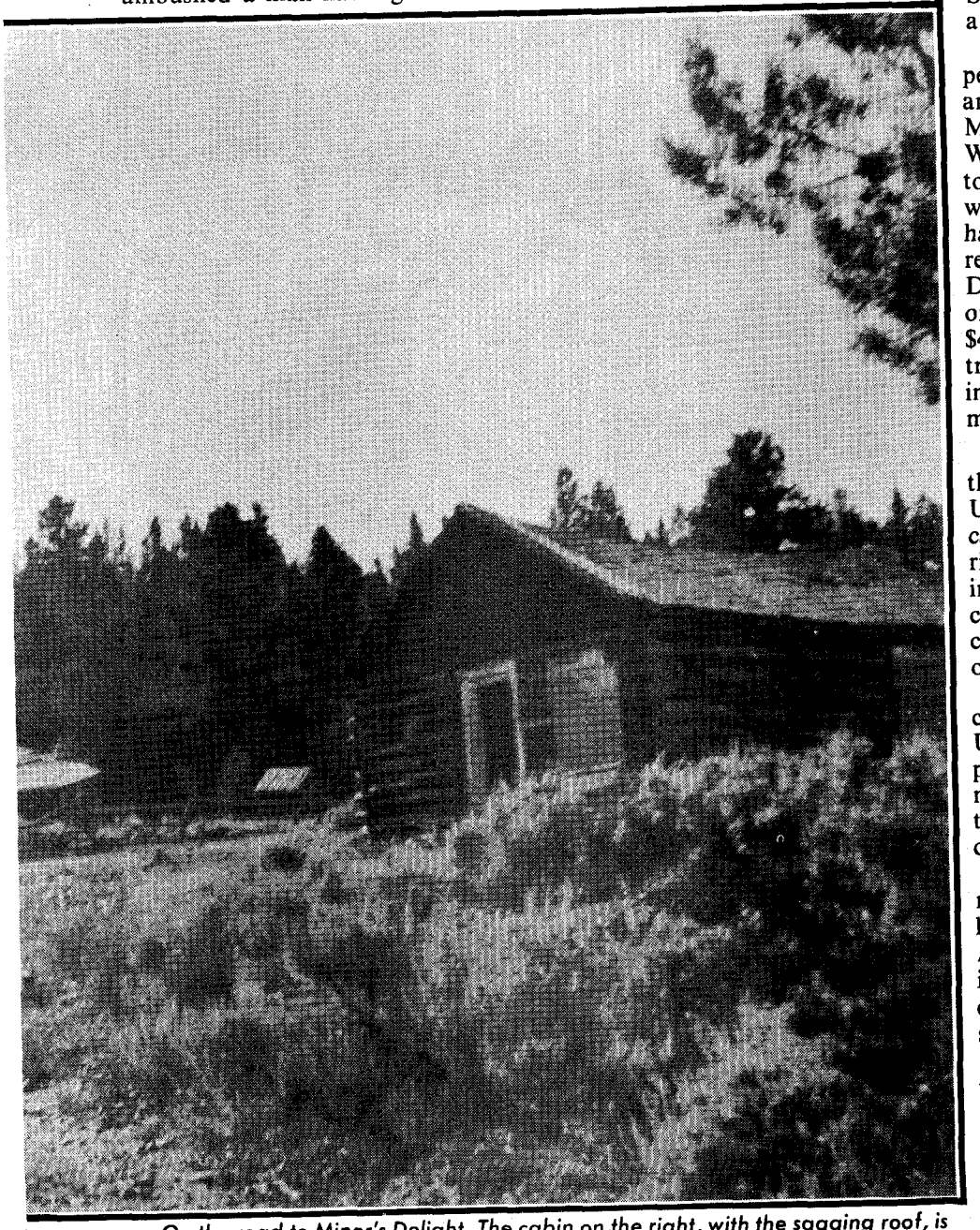
Immediately the residents of the Pass called for protection. The government responded to the plea, and in August an Army camp was established three miles southeast of Miner's Delight and named Camp Stambaugh in honor of the slain officer. Garrisoned by Company B of the 2nd U.S. Cavalry, the camp consisted of nineteen buildings, including a billiard hall.

By 1872 the owners of the Miner's Delight mine had sold the western and eastern extensions of their lode to other companies. During that year the original Miner's Delight mill was idle. But the two other companies that had bought into the lode, having constructed twenty-stamp mills, extracted from $8 to $30 in gold per ton of ore.

That year also saw a return to placer mining, with gulch miners averaging $8 a day.

The year 1872 proved to be a peak year for Miner's Delight, for by 1877 only the eastern extension of the Miner's Delight lode was being worked, with an average of $15 per ton. At that time, placer miners along Spring Gulch were averaging only $6 a day at best.

By the late 1870s only forty-five people, including one liquor dealer and one storekeeper, resided at Miner's Delight. Clearly, the little Wyoming gold camp had not lived up to its name. The lode mining, which was only marginal, was grinding to a halt. While some of the camp's residents boasted that the Miner's Delight lode had yielded more than one million in gold, an estimate of $400,000 is probably closer to the truth. And gulch mining was providing nothing more than beans for a few men.



On the road to Miner's Delight. The cabin on the right, with the sagging roof, is the saloon. The other structure is the Bryant Cabin, which is believed to have been moved from nearby Camp Stambaugh.

The tragedy of Miner's Delight is that it never was a boom town. Unlike South Pass and Atlantic, the camp never had glamorous saloons, ritzy hotels, or such civilizing institutions as newspapers and churches. It always remained a cluster of cabins with perhaps a store or two and one small saloon.

In 1880 Miner's Delight had its last chance for a boom. In that year the Utah-based Hub Gold Mining Company purchased the Miner's Delight mine and made known its intentions to renovate the mine and increase its depth to four hundred feet.

But the Utah company, like the mine's previous owners, had based its hopes upon specimens of jewelry ore. After pumping out the mine, replacing rotten timbers and repairing the dilapidated equipment, the company started milling ore in February of 1882. A month later, after milling 443 tons of ore, the company had earned only $4,200 in gold — a pittance in comparison to the $82,000 that the company had invested in the mine. The Hub Gold Mining Company went out of business. In 1907 another company briefly worked the mine but did no milling.

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Hard-rock mining was dead at Miner's Delight. The same cannot be said of placer mining. During the depression of the '30s, jobless dreamers moved into the abandoned cabins at Miner's Delight and tried to earn enough to eat by rewashing the sand along the gulches. By the late '30s this form of mining also proved to be more trouble than it was worth, and Miner's Delight became a ghost town.

The leavings of those latter-day gold seekers haunt Miner's Delight today. The ground around the townsite is littered with rusty tin cans, an old car body, and a box bearing the label, "Miner's Dynamite." Peeking through the windows of the Bryant Cabin, the visitor can see rusty bedsteads, an old refrigerator, and walls papered with wrappers from boxes of Quaker Oats.

The Bryant Cabin is of a logs-in-panels construction, while the town's other cabins are constructed of rough logs. For this reason, many believe that this cabin originally came from Camp Stambaugh. Soon after the Army camp was abandoned in 1878, three of its buildings were moved to Miner's Delight. Two of those buildings were later taken to Lander, Wyoming, leaving the Bryant Cabin behind.

The plan of Camp Stambaugh shows that three buildings — the bakery, carpenter shop and blacksmith shop, all measuring 20 by 32 feet and built of logs-in-panels — come close to matching the dimensions of the Bryant Cabin.

Besides the Bryant Cabin, the townsite includes six cabins, a pantry, a barn, a meat house, a shaft house and a saloon.

High above the townsite, on a windswept hill, is the graveyard. There's only one white marble marker, bearing the inscription, "Anna Anderton 1837-1875," remains. There is some mystery about who Anna was. In 1931 J.E. Anoston, of Moscow, Idaho, returned to Miner's Delight after an absence of fifty-six years. He returned to the Wyoming camp in order to mark the grave of his mother, who had been killed by Indians many years ago. It is highly possible that Anderton was the maiden name of Anoston's mother.

Unlike the neighboring cities of South Pass and Atlantic, Miner's Delight has not been renovated. The Bureau of Land Management protects the site from vandalism and, if funds become available, plans upon providing interpretive exhibits.

Until then, Miner's Delight will remain a lonely place, with only ghosts and the howling wind for company. ●**RW**

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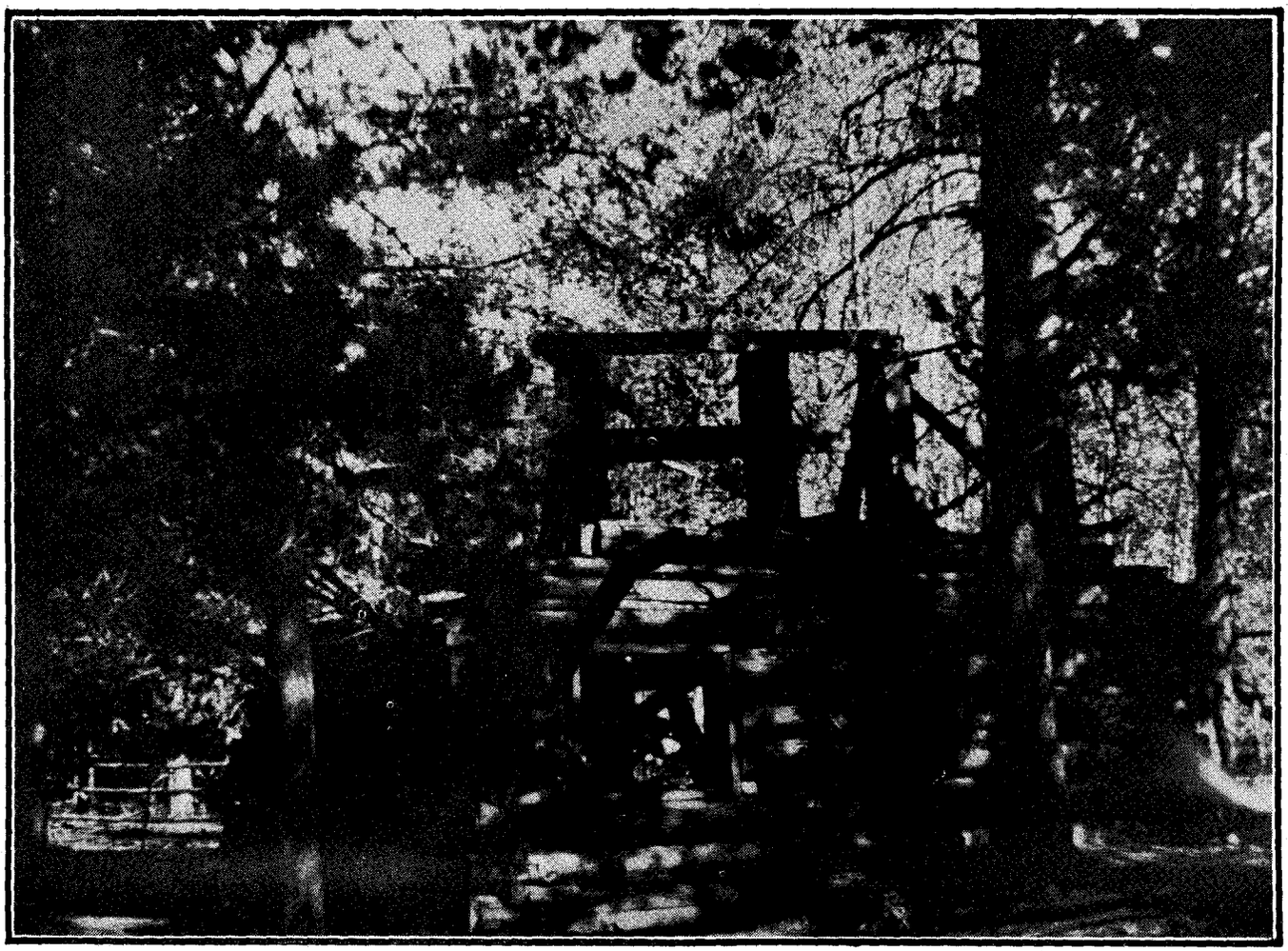

Photo courtesy of author.

A shaft house at Miner's Delight.

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Movie 'SEVEN ALONE'

When it started to snow on an 8,000-foot mountain in western Wyoming during the weekend of Nov. 10, Hollywood movie director Earl Bellamy was elated.

"It's just the kind of winter conditions we need to finish filming the movie," he happily summed up.

The movie to which he was referring is the heartwarming G-rated, family movie, *Seven Alone*, which tells the gripping story of seven young children left alone to face the hardships and dangers of crossing frontier America in the 1840s after the death of their parents.

The movie, filmed on location near Cokeville, Wyo., is based on the true story of the Henry Sager family, who left their Missouri home in 1843 for "the black soil" of Oregon. Enroute, however, tragedy hits the family as the father is killed by Indians and the mother dies of an illness shortly after giving birth to her seventh child.

The children, led by the oldest boy, played by 14 - year - old Stewart Petersen of Cokeville, who made his acting debut in *Where the Red Fern Grows*, decide to complete the hazardous 2,000-mile trek on their own and fulfill their father's dream of making a new home in Oregon.

As the children are crossing the Rocky Mountains, winter catches up with them. Poorly prepared for the hardships of a winter in the mountains, the children suffer extreme hunger, fatigue and cold, and only through courage, determination and the strong will to survive do they last until they are rescued.

Before being rescued, the children, in one poignant scene, are close to death as they are caught in winter's fury. As they lie down in the snow to rest, they dream of seeing a house in Oregon with vacant windows, surrounded by greenness and beauty.

They see the figures of their father and mother leave the house and run toward them, in slow motion, with outstretched arms. The children respond and also with outstretched arms run, in slow motion, toward their parents.

The scene is one of many in the movie which emphasizes the importance of families.

The winter scenes, which include a variety of weather, such as a heavy snow storm and sub-zero temperatures, were the last scenes filmed in the movie.

Most of the movie was filmed this summer as the cast and crew moved into Cokeville during the last week of July for four weeks of filming near the historic Oregon Trail.

The film started production under the title of "House Without Windows." However, the title was changed after the producers had consulted with theater owners and exhibitors. After considerable consultation and discussion, the title "Seven Alone" was chosen because it more aptly describes the condition of the seven children after their parents die and they become separated from the wagon train.

Also featured in the movie are Stewart's own brother, Scott, 12, and sisters, Diane, 10, Suzanne, 8, and Julie, 4. Debbie Van Orden, 11, a Salt Lake elementary school girl, and Christy Clark of Cokeville, who was only two weeks old when filming began, are the other children in the movie.

The film stars Hollywood veterans, Dewey Martin, who has been in lead roles since 1952 when he starred in *Big Sky;* Aldo Ray, whose famous war movie, *Battle Cry*, vaulted him into immortal fame; and English-born Anne Collings, who has been starring in American movies since 1966.

The movie was produced by Lyman Dayton, producer of the multi-award winning film, *Where the Red Fern Grows*, which has been a box office hit since it premiered last March. Already "Red Fern" has grossed more than $5 million. Stewart Petersen also had the lead role in "Red Fern."

The title song, "Only a Dream Away," with music by Robert O. Ragland and lyrics by Arthur Hamilton, is sung by Pat Boone.

The screen play was written by Doug Stewart and Eleanor Lamb, who also wrote the screenplay for *Where the Red Fern Grows.* ●**RW**

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I HUNTED JOHN TURNOW

Bill Kelly's exclusive interview with Al Moulton, Spanish-American war veteran

Six-foot-four, two-hundred-pound John Turnow grew up in the woods, staying out for days and weeks at a time. He only wanted to be let alone, and the only people he hurt were those who wouldn't let him be. The strange, cruel ending need never have been.

Al Moulton, 99 years old in May of 1975 when I talked with him, knew John Turnow and his family in Grays Harbor County. "He was a funny sort," the Spanish-American War veteran said. "I don't believe that John ever wanted to hurt anyone, he just wanted others to leave him be; but they wouldn't, and this resulted in a few killings!"

In death, as in life, the uncompromising foe of tyranny will be an inspiration to freedom-loving people. No one could quench the flame of liberty in the mind and heart of John Turnow. His tracking and finally his imprisonment, torture, solitude and exile from his family and friends, which Turnow courageously endured, served to strengthen his beliefs and fierce opposition to human traditions.

Tragically, he was cruelly sacrificed, and in his final hours he became embittered toward the compromising policies emanating from within the law.

Toward the end, the six-foot-four, two-hundred-pound hulk of a man, who seemed more at home in the forest than anywhere else, was sadly hunted and swept aside by the "do-gooders" who favored accommodation or an easing of tensions between the law makers and the citizens.

For John Turnow there was insanity in aligning good with evil, and he repeatedly demonstrated his willingness to suffer persecution and, if need be, death in defense of his principles.

Mr. Moulton praised the self-exiled outlaw's deep faith that made him an inspiration to all those who value virtue, truth, and strength of will.

The death of John Turnow undeniably removed from the world one of the most memorable, courageous and most inspirational outlaws of all time. The killing of Turnow was good riddance to the state, but we must protest the manner in which it came about.

His family was a respectable pioneer family that homesteaded near Satsop Village around 1878. John was one of six children. From the beginning, John grew up in an atmosphere charged with suspicion and distrust. At an early age he decided to shun not only society, but his own family as well.

The surrounding territory was almost totally unexplored at the time, but John preferred the wild animals that roamed the woods to his human companions.

Young John was about ten years old; society had not yet technically advanced, and he had his serious doubts that it ever would. When there was work to do, John couldn't be found.

He was somewhere out in the mountains, roaming with his friends of nature, wearing clothes made of animal skins or burlap, his crude shoes made of bark. He never tried to beat the morning home. Sometimes he would stay out in the woods for days at a time, unafraid of the darkness and the dangers it brought to such a little fellow.

By the time John Turnow was in his teens, almost any animal could approach him unafraid. He hunted only for food and could track as well as any Indian. He was in possession of immense, yet untapped, physical abilities, but he was liked and respected among his neighbors. One thing was sure ... he was a loner, and those who knew him accepted this.

Al Moulton states: "I saw him grow up, always brooding over something, never palled around with anyone, never had a close friend, just wanted to be left alone with nature."

His father never accepted the fact that John was a skillful wanderer and tracker; in fact, he downright resented the fact that John was uncontrollable and was unwilling to submit to his teaching, his drilling, his discipline and, alas, his personality.

Very grudgingly, in the summer of 1909, John Turnow was committed to a sanitorium for the insane in Oregon's wilderness.

Heartsick, John Turnow was still trying to rationalize his weird loss to society.

He was outraged, shocked and disillusioned. He was unable to mask his bitterness toward the civilization that penned him up like a wild wolf, when all he wanted in the first place was to be left alone.

Presumably, Turnow yearned for the freedom of the wilderness, the wide open skies and the cool brooks that trickled among the shadows along the gully banks as the sunlight sparkled here and there like diamonds.

When the nurse arrived in the morning with his breakfast, she was flabbergasted to find him gone. Somehow, he had miraculously become a free agent ... leaving no note, no trails to follow. He just disappeared into the dense forest.

Soon a detached observer began speaking of a "giant apelike creature" that he saw swinging from treetops and dashing through the jungles with the speed of lightning. This distortion of facts grew out of hand, and soon bigger stories reached the ears of the authorities.

During Turnow's darkest days of exile, he did take time to tell one logger: "Tell everybody, none of them better come out to fetch me. I'll kill anyone who comes after me."

Through word of a friend, the news reached Turnow that his father had died and he was wanted at home. How did he not know that arrangements had been made to effect his capture? A few days later, news arrived that his mother had also passed on. Unmoved, he would not be reckless in exposing himself to detection and danger. In fact, if anything, his disposition became worse.

When the estate was settled, John was told by an old trapper who came upon him in the woods that he was left $1700. The gravity of the situation never hit him.

Clearly, there was a break in his rhythm and a wobble in his vaunted self-control. Those few who spoke to him claimed that in private conversation, he began to stammer at stress points.

Turnow stalked deeper into the woods, trying to escape civilization. Compassionate readers might wonder whether in his rare moments of spontaneity, this "cramped and inhibited" creature saw the future and was somehow crying out for help.

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From the collection of the author.

Photo of outlaw John Turnow in death.

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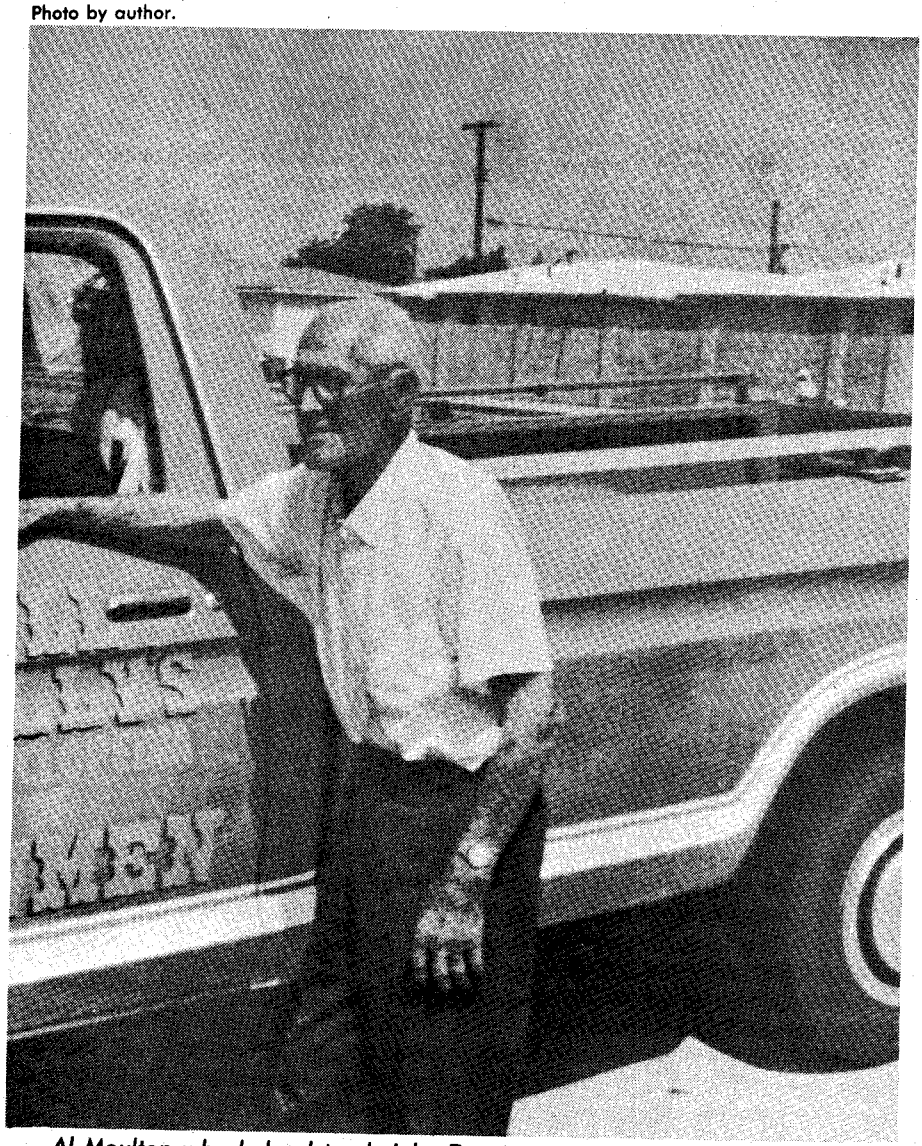

Al Moulton who helped track John Turnow noted outlaw. Spanish-American War vet Moulton was interviewed by Bill Kelly in May 1975.

In September of 1911 he had shot a deer. He was dressing out his kill when the report of a rifle shot just missed him. Turnow dropped his knife, lifted his .30-06 and shot three times in the direction of his would-be assassins. Life in the raw had taught him to be a crack shot. He lifted his hulk, walked over to the brush and stared down at two bodies. They were the Bauer twins, his nephews! He sat down on a log and pondered the situation. They had set out to capture or to kill him, he thought, to murder him in an absolutely tyrannical manner, contrary to the laws of mankind.

When John and Will Bauer did not return from their bear hunt, Deputy Sheriff Colin McKenzie was summoned by the boys' uncle.

Over two hundred men armed with guns, knives and clubs set out on Sept. 1, 1911, and on the 3rd, the bodies of the two boys were discovered by a posseman who ran frantically for his companions. On accompanying him back to where the bodies lay, the horrified possemen looked on in disbelief. Each man had been shot nearly dead center between the eyes!

They had been stripped of their guns and ammunition, and Will's shoes were gone. A full-scale manhunt was now on for John Turnow!

A spectre haunted the land ... a spectre which terrified the grim spectres of history ... it was a new terrorism. During the following months, the entire countryside watched, almost horrified, the unfolding of a brutal scenario of violence, terror and death!

The posse stormed like an army of ants across the vast swamplands of the Satsop and the Wynoochee areas. The army that tracked him was so terrified that the men hardly spoke to one another. One group heard a rumble in the brush and fired; they had shot a cow.

Occasionally, someone saw a footprint or heard a thunderous rumble and warned everyone that Turnow was nearby, but the truth was that no one ever caught sight of him. The man-beast, for the time being, had disappeared.

The countryside was terrified. No one felt safe because Turnow was on the prowl.

Big Emil Swanson came running from the woods — out of breath and all excited. He had seen Turnow stalking through the woods like some giant ape-man. Never again would he return to those haunts; so he quit his job and left town.

While the posse searched for him around Satsop and the lower regions of Wynoochee Valley, Turnow, forever looking over his shoulder, headed for the upper reaches of the Wynoochee River, where the high waters flowed downwards for fifteen miles and came crashing against the lower foothills, which caused the creek to swing into a wide horseshoe. It resembled what it was rightly called, "The Oxbow Country."

The wild frontier was a heavily forested, mountainous country with deep winter snows setting in. Man and beast alike were forced into the lowlands, and John followed his wildlife brothers.

Chehacis County offered $1,000 dead or alive for John Turnow.

The bay of the hounds rang in his ears as angry settlers searched day and night for him. Turnow dug deeper into the wilderness, sometimes resting, sitting on a log and staring vacantly at nothing.

On March 2, 1912, an old travelling prospector told Sheriff Colin McKenzie that he had spotted Turnow roasting a rabbit at a camp in Oxbow. McKenzie summoned deputy game warden Albert V. Elmer, and together they set out on horseback after Turnow.

On March 16, Deputy Sheriff A.L. Fitzgerald gathered up George Stormes, Frank Getty, Charles Lathrop, "Gunshy" Wells, Carl Schwartz, James Cole, Louis Caroenter, Louis Larson, Louis Blair, and 17-year-old Al Moulton.

By now, the governor had issued a proclamation offering $5000 reward for the hide of John Turnow who was continuing to run for his life.

The grim and furious posse soon came across the dead corpses of the deputies in a cluster of bushes. Both men had been shot between the eyes; McKenzie had been shot three times ... once with a rifle, twice with a pistol. The rifles of the men were missing, as were their ammunition and some of their clothing.

By all indications, Turnow was more bitter and vengeful than ever,

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which, of course, would make him more dangerous than ever.

The mournful wail of a coyote was heard in the distance, not to be confused with the purely musical sound of a friendly hound dog, especially on a cold winter's night around three in the morning. Breaking camp, not waiting for daybreak, the party took the corpses back to Montesano.

On April 13, 1913, Deputy Giles Quimby told Al Moulton, "I'm going to get Turnow if it's the last thing I ever do; not only for the reward, but for myself."

On the 16th, Quimby, Louis Blair, Charlie Lathrop and their dogs came upon a small hut made of bark. Quietly they advanced, ready to shoot, stalking their prey. Without warning, a shot came from a spot where Turnow could see trouble coming in any direction. Louis Blair pitched head-long into the thorns, the blood transuded from between his eyes. Downed by gunfire, he had paid the price for invading the peaceful Turnow camp. Pursued and desperate, John Turnow had cold-bloodedly killed him.

Quimby crouched down; he could hear the throbbing of his own heart. Another shot ... and again tragedy struck. Charlie Lathrop cried out in pain and pitched forward, his brains smeared on a nearby tree.

For a split second, Quimby caught a glimpse of a bearded face behind a large oak. He fired at the tree until his gun was empty. He frantically reloaded, then waited for what seemed like forever, not daring to peer out and see if he had gotten his man. He waited ... the sun started to go down, and Quimby knew well that it would mean his death to be caught out in the wilderness after dark with John Turnow.

Gathering all the strength he had left in him, the deputy got to his feet and started running, ripping his clothes to shreds as he tore through the underbrush at top speed.

It was four miles to the nearest logging camp of the Simpson Logging Co., but it wasn't long before Quimby was telling Sheriff Matthews that he narrowly escaped the clutches of the wanted murderer, Turnow.

Upon returning with a posse, Quimby pointed out where he had last fired at Turnow. The sheriff approached the splattered tree with caution. There, sprawled on his back in the thick underbrush, lay John Turnow in death, his long, matted brownish-black hair and beard smeared with blood, his clothes torn almost to shreds.

On his person was $6.65 in silver coins, a hunting knife, scissors, and a tattered deck of cards. He had killed six men in his flight for freedom. "All he wanted was to be left alone," recalls Al Moulton 62 years later. He shook his head and repeated: "All he wanted was to be left alone". ● **RW**

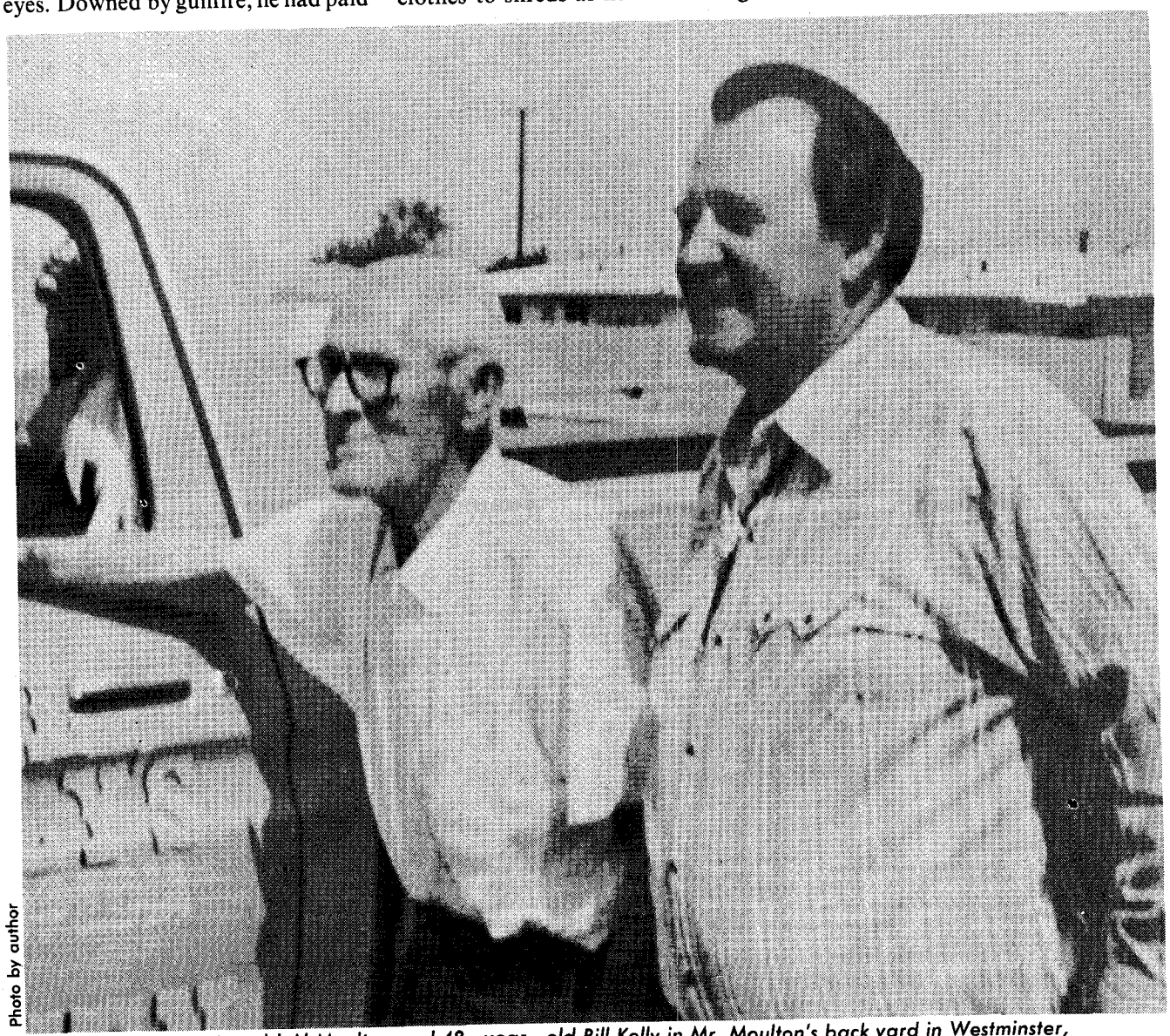

Photo by author

99 - year - old Al Moulton and 48 - year - old Bill Kelly in Mr. Moulton's back yard in Westminster, California.

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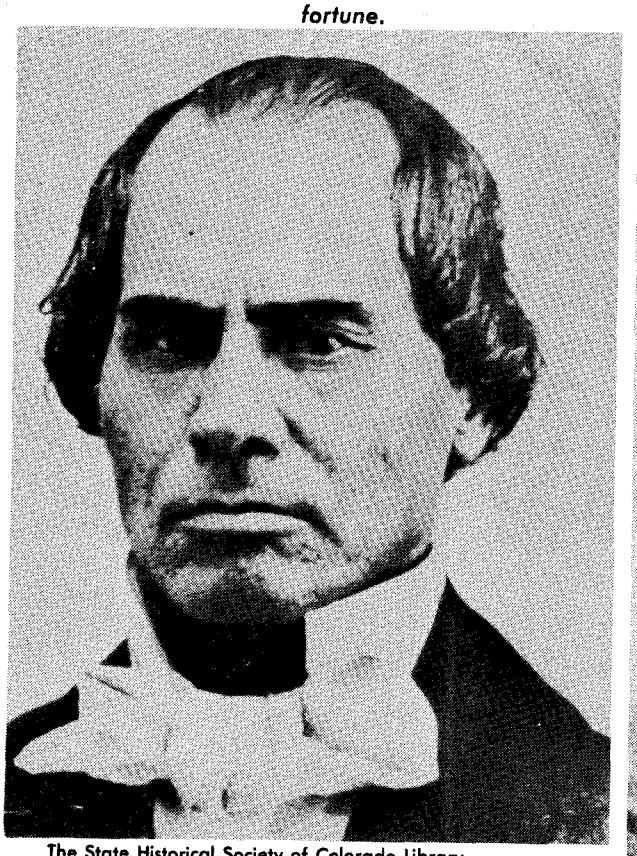
William Bent, the frontier entrepreneur and first permanent white settler in the present State of Colorado. He followed a hunch and made his fortune.



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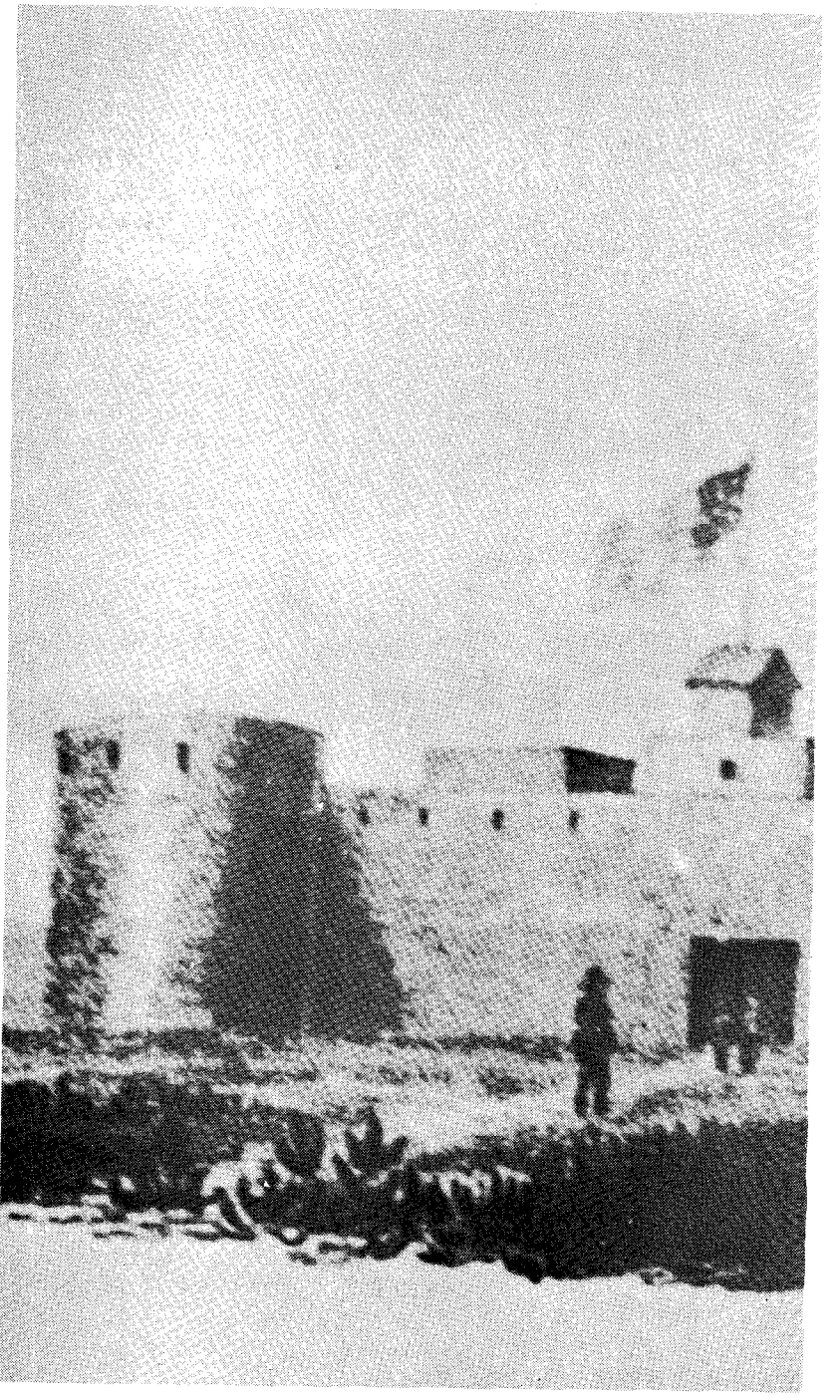

Bent's Indian Trading Post became one of the great crossroads shopping centers of the Southwest. His sturdily built forts, standing alone in the vast prairie with the American flag flying, provided a stirring sight for lonely travelers long before the frontier was settled.

FRONTIER ENTREPRENEUR

by Max Robinson

My local shopping center is less than twenty miles from my desk, where I can purchase nearly anything I might desire. It replaces the functions of the frontier trading post which was often five hundred or more miles away from the frontier cities.

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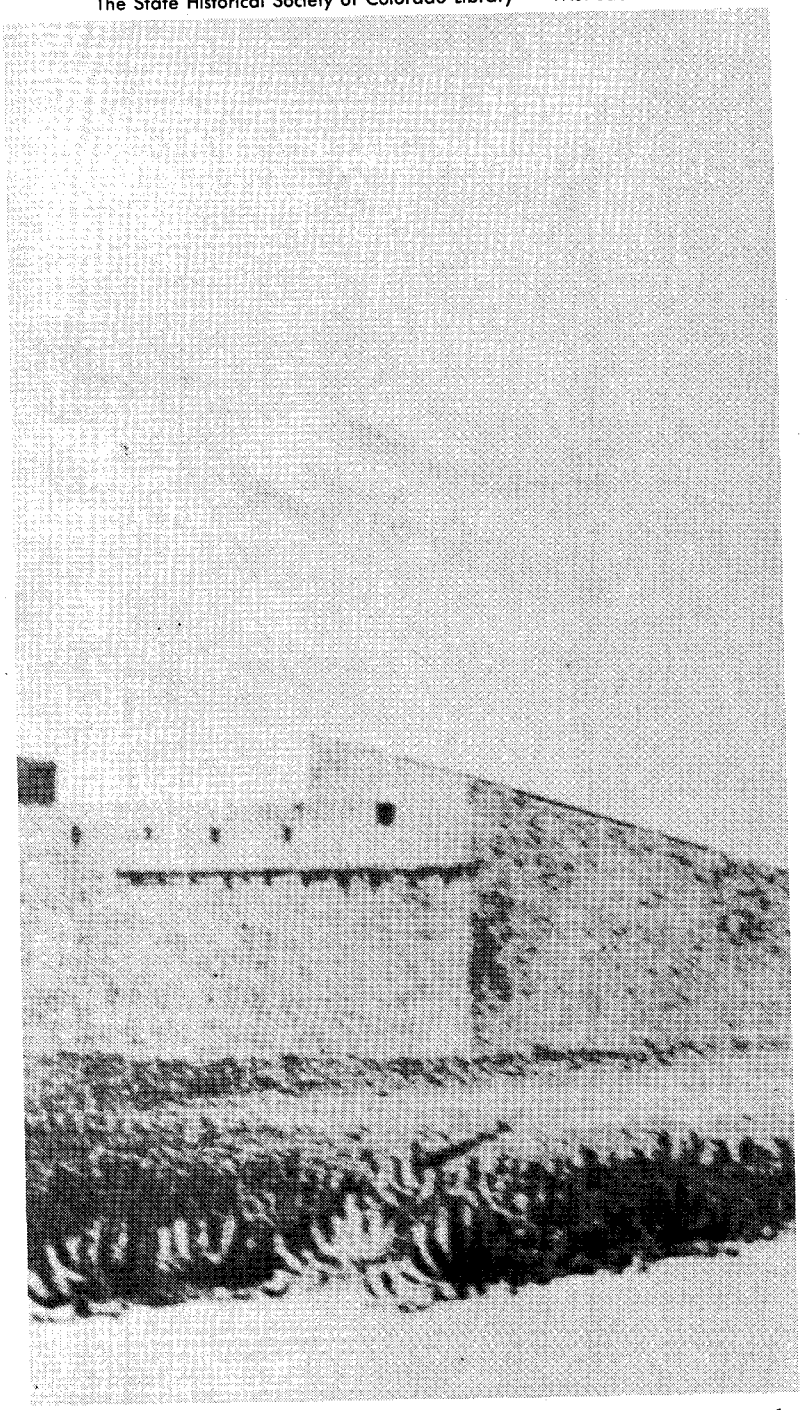

The famous frontier trading post known as Bent's Old Fort. Located on the banks of the Arkansas River, it was ideally suited to trading both with the mountain men and the Indians. This picture, drawn by Lt. J. W. Abert in 1845, does not show the barrier of cactus plants on top of the walls. It does show the American flag waving in the prairie breeze. Built with buffalo wool-reinforced adobe brick, it made a tremendous impact upon the traveler, with its fifteen - foot - high walls measuring one hundred eighty feet by one hundred thirty-five feet and the ten-foot diameter towers on opposite corners, insuring safety from the Indians or the weather.

The most famous of the trading posts on the Southwestern frontier was Bent's Indian Trading Post. Officially named Fort William in honor of entrepreneur William Bent, it became known as Bent's Old Fort by the mountain men to distinguish it from Fort William on the Laramie River.

The fur trade proved the lure to the Bent brothers of Missouri. As a young man, William Bent walked along the banks of the Mississippi River and watched as boats arrived, loaded with bales of furs. The men paddling them to market were the rough mountain men and fur traders. Why not save the mountain men this long weary journey to market each season by establishing a trading post on the plains near the source of the furs, he wondered.

He induced his brothers, George, Charles, and Robert, to join him in such an endeavor. Shrewdly, William Bent realized that inexperienced men could fail in such an undertaking. Therefore, in the early 1820's, the brother joined first with Ceran St. Vrain at his small trading post on the Platte River and learned the business of the fur trade. Thereafter, they had St. Vrain's expert counsel in all their endeavors.

Their first stockade was located near the present site of Pueblo, Colorado. Another site further down the Arkansas River was chosen for a second stockade, and the latter was used as their headquarters while the famous Bent's Old Fort was under construction.

The site for the fort was on a slope rising gently from the edge of the river, which served as a route of travel by which furs were shipped to the trading centers on the Mississippi.

Charles Bent favored a structure of adobe because of the danger of fire on the prairies. Not only did fires result from lightning setting the tall grasses aflame, but the wily Indians used it as a most effective weapon in their attacks against the invading whites. Comfort was also a consideration in selecting adobe as a building material, for it was cooler in summer and warmer in winter due to the thickness of the walls. Charles Bent journeyed down into present New Mexico and hired expert Mexican adobe-workers to make the adobe bricks using buffalo wool instead of straw for a binding material. These same Mexicans laid the great walls, completing the fort in 1832.

The finished dimensions of the fort were impressive: walls fifteen feet high and four feet thick; length, one hundred and eighty feet; and width, one hundred and thirty-five feet. Two flanking towers, approximately ten feet in diameter, were built at opposite corners to allow full surveillance of all four walls at the same time. A powerful telescope was also used for surveillance across the wide expanses of the prairie.

The tops of the walls were planted with every variety of cactus common to the region, and they formed a formidable deterrent to scaling the walls. This same technique was used atop the eight - foot - high walls of the adjoining horse corral.

Rooms were built against the inside of the walls to house the employees, traders, and occupants of the fort. In the center of the square formed by the fort walls was located a great fur press to compress the furs into bales for convenience in shipping. A structure containing three large rooms was used as a store and munitions room; a second was the fort dining hall; while the third room was used as a council room where the Indians could assemble for their "talks."

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Ceran St. Vrain. He taught the Bent brothers the fur business and helped them to establish their great fort on the Arkansas.

The Bent's Fort kitchen was ruled over by a fair-skinned black woman named Charlotte, who said of herself that she was 'de only lady in the damn Injan Country.' She was celebrated for her 'slap-jacks' and pumpkin pie throughout the territory. Perhaps her claim to being the 'only lady' was partially due to the fact that Bent allowed a small encampment of women of ill-repute to remain outside the walls near the fort, as was the case at all the frontier posts. Inside the fort, Bent also provided entertainment in the way of a gaming room with ninepins and other forms of amusement, including a bar in a second-floor room.

With an adequate food supply, the fort could billet about 200 people inside its walls. Bent carried brass kettles, knives, tobacco, blankets, beads, cloth, gunpowder, sugar, coffee, flour, abalone shells, and similar items in stock as trade goods.

Situated as it was, almost 500 miles away from the nearest white settlement, the sight of the American flag flying over its cactus-guarded walls gave a feeling of personal security to the lonely traveler. This sense of security was reinforced by the presence of a small group of soldiers and a number of experienced Indian fighters who were hired for their expertise in spotting and curbing troublemakers among both the Indians and the whites. Bent made a habit of using the best skills of each of his employees in the business of the fort. It was a fort rule that no Indian, other than the Indian wives of the fur trappers and traders, might remain within the walls of the fort overnight. During the day, only those Indians known to be friendly were admitted within the fort and never in large numbers at any one time.

William Bent was well loved by the Plains Indians, particularly the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, who called him "Little White Man." In 1859, as a further evidence of his friendliness with the plains tribes, he was appointed the official agent to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Previous to this time, in 1837 he married a Cheyenne Indian woman named Owl Woman, daughter of Painted Thunder, keeper of the Medicine Arrows of the Cheyenne. Whether this was a love match or a piece of diplomacy is not really known, although his court was paid in true Indian fashion.

A year later, their first child was born and named Mary, after William's sister. Following Mary, they had Robert, George and Charles, each named after one of William's brothers. Owl Woman died in childbirth when Charles was born. The marriage had lasted ten years, possibly aided by the shrewdness of William Bent in maintaining both a home at the fort and a lodge among the Cheyennes where his wife and children often stayed while he was away on business for the fort.

During the marriage, his wife's younger sister, Yellow Woman, spent a good deal of time at his Cheyenne lodge, helping Owl Woman with the children. When Owl Woman died, Yellow Woman became William Bent's second wife with the tribe's blessings. Yellow Woman bore Bent another daughter, named Julia. This second marriage lasted almost twenty years, until Yellow Woman died under the lances of the Pawnees at the slaughter at Sand Creek in 1864.

William Bent prospered at the fort and added more trading forts to the west on the South Platte and Canadian Rivers, extending the trade to the Arapaho, Kiowa, and Apache Indians.

Charles Bent was a more political individual than the other brothers. He was appointed the first American Governor of New Mexico by General S.W. Kearny. His appointment was contested by militants, and on June 19, 1847, during an uprising against the Americans, Charles Bent was scalped while still alive, then killed at his headquarters in Taos, New Mexico. The capitol where Charles Bent lived and died is still standing.

When William Bent heard about the horrible death of his brother, it was the last straw to his control. The U.S. Government had been trying to buy his fort for a pittance. When the lack of sufficient military support permitted the murder of his brother, William Bent removed his family from the fort along with most of the supplies, and he burned the fort by firing barrels of gunpowder in strategic locations.

This same year, he took his three eldest children, Mary, Robert and George, to Westport and let a friend become their guardian. He wanted them to become white men and women, not to go native. Also, he had lost faith in the ability of the military to maintain peace in the rapidly deteriorating relationships with the Indians. Later, he sent his son, Charles, to join his brothers and sister.

In 1853, Bent constructed a new Bent's Fort of stone further east on the Sante Fe Trail at the Big Timbers. It was located a few miles west of the present Lamar, Colorado. This later trading post never reached the im-

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portance of his first great fort. He died May 19, 1869, disillusioned both by the government and by his children who had more Indian than white instincts and so failed to add luster to the name of the Bents of Missouri.

Bent's Fort was the crossroads shopping center of the fur trading on the prairies. Among traders working for Bent or visitors to the fort were Bill Garey (Willaim Gueirier), Kit Carson, Fitzpatrick - of - the - broken - hand, Maxwell, Walker, Wooton, Beckworth, Old Bill Williams, Fremont, General S.W. Kearny, and others of lesser note. William Bent had followed his hunch when watching the fur trappers paddling into the trading posts on the Mississippi; and in the company of his brothers, he sought and found his fortune and future as the frontier entrepreneur and first permanent white settler in Colorado. ●**RW**

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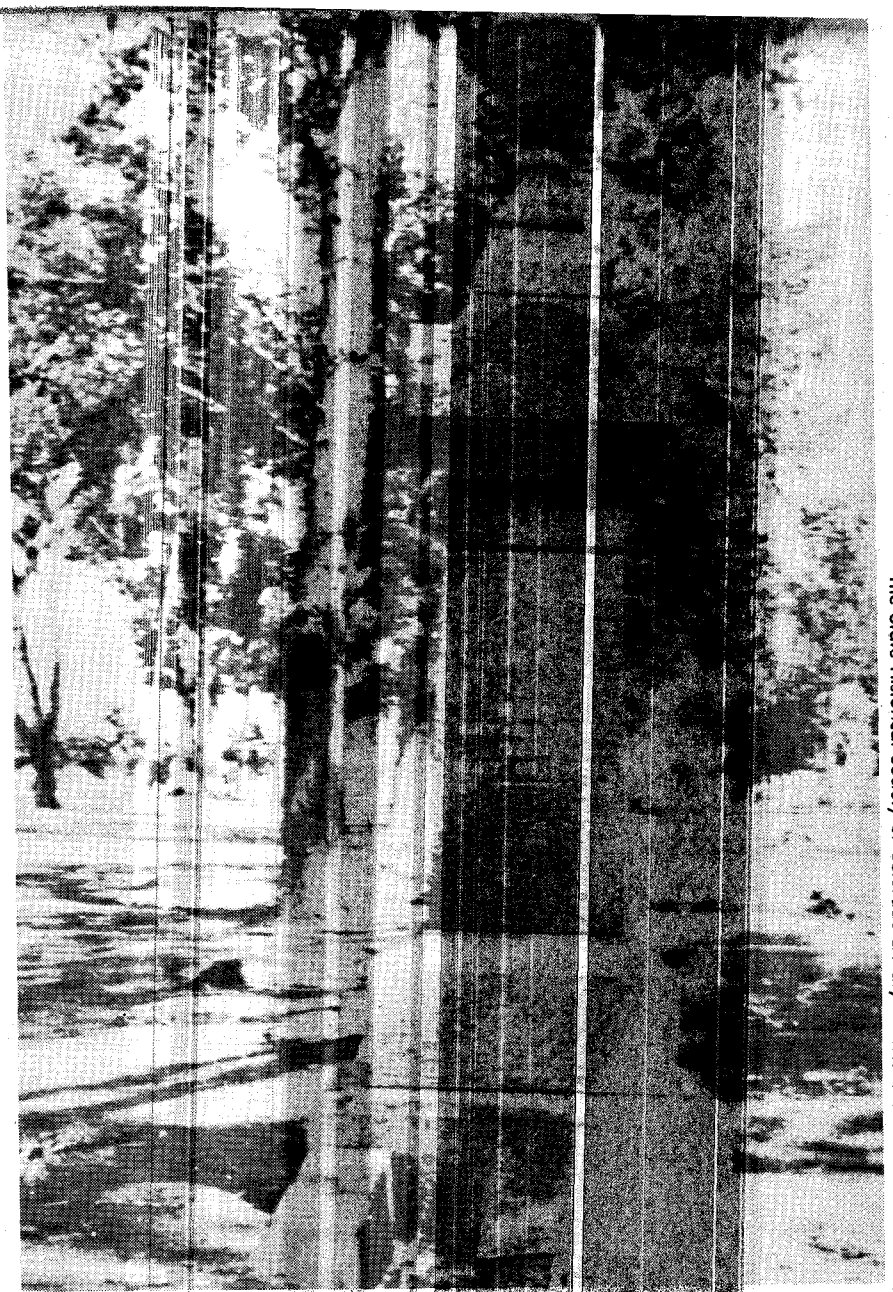

Grave of William Bent at Las Animas.

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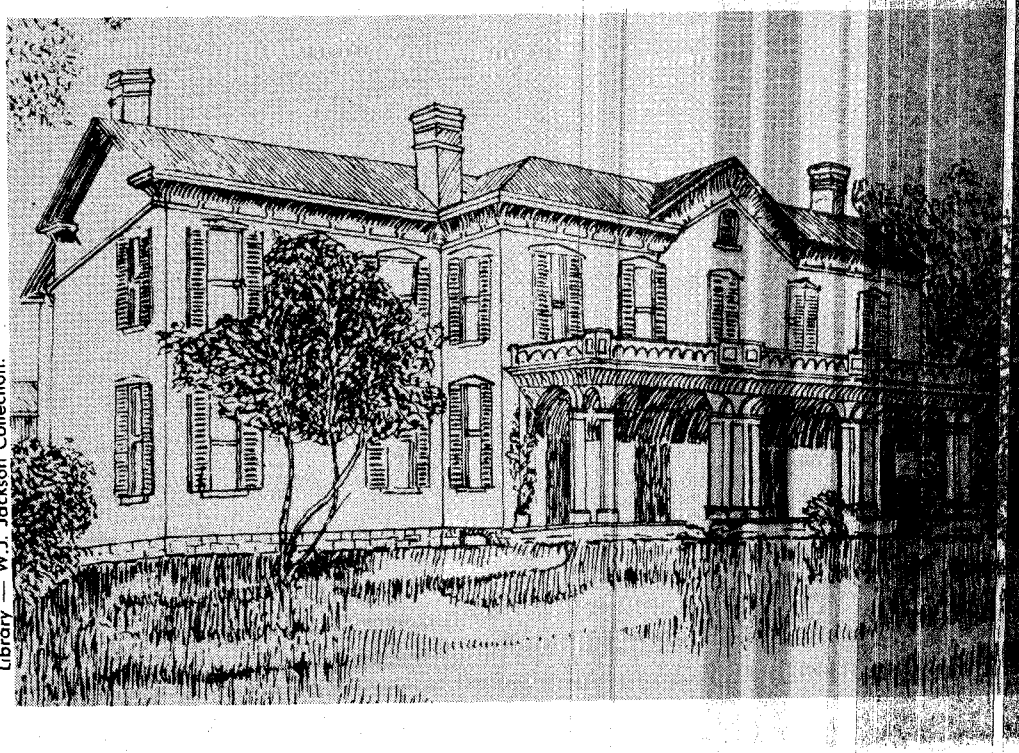

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Birthplace of William Bent, home of the Bents of Missouri at West Point, Missouri.

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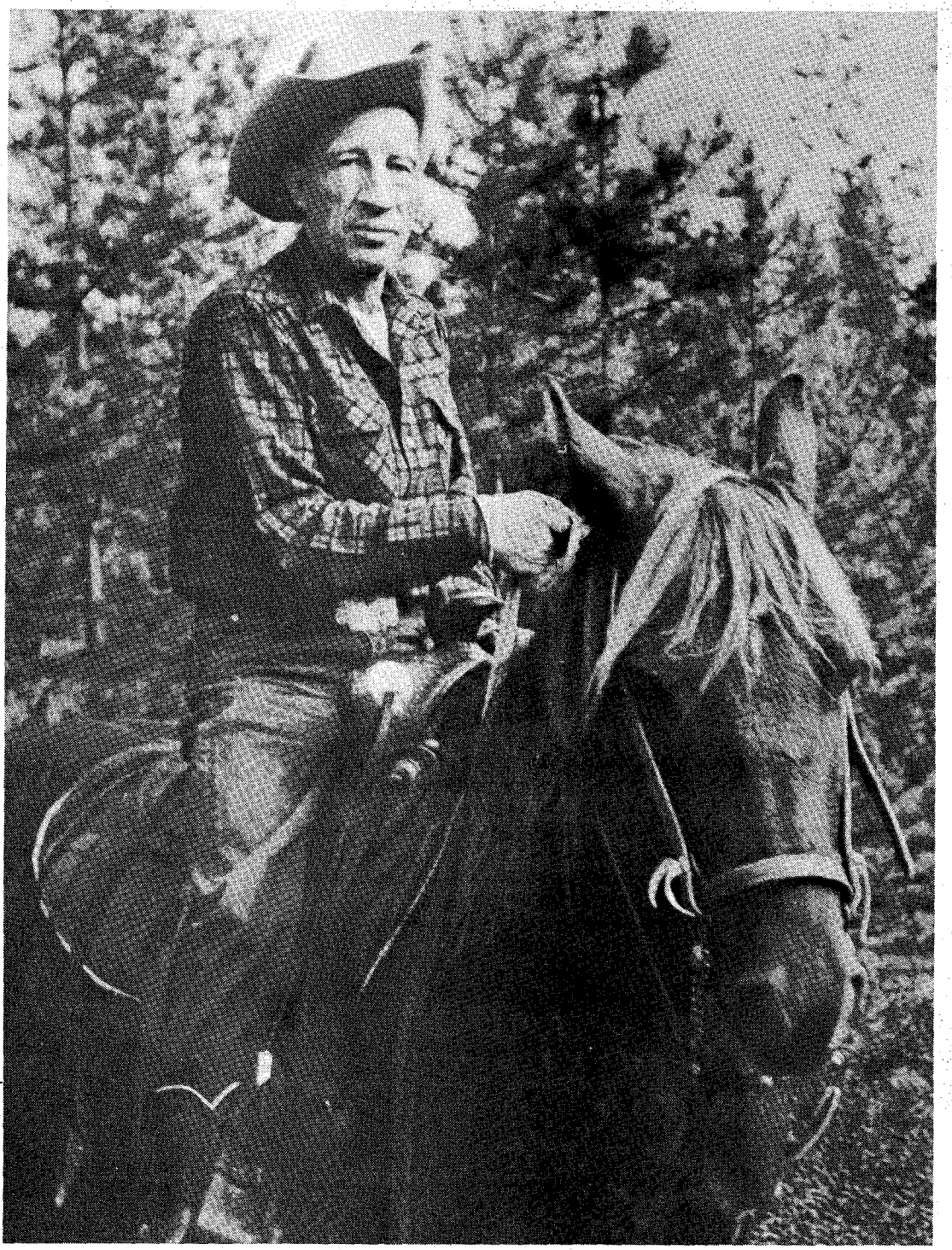
ACE POWELL
Master Of Western Art

by Helen Clark



Helen Clark photo.

Ace Powell, Kalispell artist, loves to spend hours in the saddle; he is a natural at riding, and can throw a diamond hitch with the best of them.

Asa Lynn Powell, known to the cowboy, rodeo and art world as "Ace," particularly because his trademark on every oil painting, water color or black and white sketch is the ace of diamonds — the small red ace on the white card from the deck of playing cards — is a man larger than life-size in every way. He is a tall man, six feet two inches, wide in the shoulders and slim of waist and hip, with the stride of a cowpuncher; indeed he was one, and a packer with his

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cowboy father for the Park Service of Glacier National Park. Ace is a generous man and one of the kindest. He has taken under his wing innumerable fledgling artists and sent them down the trail to fame and fortune. He is a man who gives of his time to others, making speeches on art and history when requested, and putting in guest appearances at the one-man shows of others to give applause and interest. He encourages and gives moral support to all those who long to try their hand at art.

"Everyone is a potential artist," says Ace. "Some people just halt their development somewhere along the way." When Ace says this in his calm, soft-spoken voice, one believes him. He is a man strong in his own convictions, who never gets ruffled or excited.

When Ace was born, the family was living in Tularosa, N.M., but while he was still an infant, they moved to Harlem in north-central Montana, and in the spring of that same year to Glacier National Park. Ace's mother was a schoolteacher who admired the grandeur of their new surroundings, as did his father, who was a top hand at packing and handling livestock. Ace was to learn the art of packing from his father, who worked for the Park Service. The youngsters of the Powells grew up amid great beauty, which Ace was to capture in hundreds of oil paintings, water colors, black and whites, and pastels.

"I might have become a Park Ranger," confesses Ace. "But I would probably have had to arrest one of my own family for poaching, so I decided to become a packer like my dad. I first packed water to the Park Service lookouts; I was just a kid when I began, so I would have to pack the water cans empty onto the horses' backs, and then fill them with a dipper after they were secure. That was some time-consuming chore, but I guess it taught me patience and perseverance."

One summer Ace worked for Horace Brewster, who was head teamster for the Park Service. For six years Ace packed and later guided for the Bar X6, the old Park Saddle Horse Company.

John Peterson, one of the corral bosses, said this of the young Powell: "Ace would do his work on any horse that was led out to him and never get bucked off, but if he had tied his quirt in his hair, he'd have beat them horses to death!"

Another corral boss, Bill Werk, had this to say: "Ace wasn't known so much for his riding or roping as he was for not having a lick of sense. He once ran a bronc off a ten-foot cutback into a river and about drowned himself to see if the *horse* had 'sense enough to stop in a bad place'; and when someone in camp asked Ace's partner what happened, his partner said, 'Ask Ace to *show* you — that big a damn fool would do it again."

All the time that Ace was learning and perfecting the craft of packing, he was sketching, and his professional work in the art field actually began in the fall of 1938 when he was asked to do chapter headings for the book *National Parks of the Northwest.* Prior to this, while still a lad, he was to receive great impetus in art from western artist and master Charles Marion Russell, who allowed youthful Ace to paint with him when Charlie was at the Russell summer home in Glacier National Park, the hideaway known as Bull's Head. Charlie also encouraged Ace to bring his work to the log cabin home in the Park for Russell to comment on. Ace recalls the day they were painting together, and Ace kept painting the horse in the same style and position Russell was painting it.

"Boy," said the cowboy artist, "that horse looks different to you from where you sit than it does from where I sit. Never let anyone else's work influence what you see or do." Today, Ace is frequently called "the Charles Russell of his generation." There are many reasons for this; one is that Ace paints the Indians so remarkably well, one of his missions being to record their transition from a primitive culture wealthy in ancestral ways and traditions to the culture of the white man, with their acceptance and tolerance of the white man's ways. Ace wishes to record their adjustment and reconciliation with the old and the new.

Ace will paint a long-haired Indian, braids beneath stetson, fiddling at a white man's fiddling contest. He will depict Indian children riding in the western saddle of the cowman, eating ice cream cones and hot dogs. He will show Indian women wearing braids and shawls, but fingering their rosary beads in Church. And he will capture the Blackfeet and Blood Indians at a Sun Dance, perhaps under the medicine tree at Browning on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, but some of the younger generation of Blackfeet and Bloods will be shooting flash bulbs and cameras.

Helen Clark photo.

Artist Ace Powell of Kalispell, Mont. is to his generation what Charles M. Russell was to his. The "Ace of Diamonds" is known throughout the West and graces thousands of works of art.

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Another feature which enhances Ace's personality is his giant-size love of and for life. He never misses an Indian Sun Dance if he is within 100 miles of the grounds on which it is held; he never misses an historical pageant if his car and gas allow him to travel the required distance; he rides on the buffalo roundup at Moiese when his bursitis permits him to spend the three hard days in the saddle necessary to bring in the 360 head of buffs which roam the reserves managed by the Department of the Interior. He takes in every rodeo at Kalispell, Montana where he lives, as well as those in surrounding areas. Many people still associate Ace with Hungry Horse, farther to the east of Kalispell, where he once had a home and studio for a number of years and where Gary Schildt, a protege of Ace, lives today. Ace still can't resist an invitation to take off down a wilderness trail on one of his Arabian horses in the congenial company of other outdoorsmen and women.

The horse is a favorite subject which Ace paints in every conceivable setting — outside a lonely log cabin, in a wilderness corral, on the trail, at a rodeo, either in action under a calf-roper or coming out of a chute to buck away its rider, or moving cattle, or standing still at twilight beside a sheepherder's wagon.

Ace's first gallery showing took place in 1940 at the New House Galleries, where his carvings of horses drew the attention of Guerney Gue, then Secretary of the American Hackney Assoc., who at the time had a column in the *New York Herald Tribune.* This man gave Ace a write-up in his column, and it met with warm reception from horsemen. Out of this, Ace got consignments to do many portrait models and wood carvings, including one of Sea Biscuit and two dozen or more of Man O' War, as well as one for Mr. Gue of Creoseus, the famed trotter.

Through the years, Ace collected his own memorabilia to make painting easier — Indian cradle-boards, coup sticks, antique rifles and pistols, Indian saddles, parfleche bags, beaded dresses, moccasins, gloves, purses, war bonnets, only to have the whole collection go up in fire when his studio-home burned to the ground at Hungry Horse. In the fire, furniture by George Montgomery made for Ace also burned, as did paintings by many of the greats in the early West. Such a disaster did not crush Ace. He started painting immediately as soon as someone got to town to get him some more canvas, paint and brushes. He never again has had quite as tremendous an art collection, but he has everything a man can desire, including a charming brunette wife, Thelma.

"Losing everything in the fire compelled me to go back to a primitive method — bartering. I bartered my art for the necessities, and I think that is what a lot of the world needs to do today — go back to the ancient art of bartering. Artists, just starting out, certainly profit by it. Bartering helped me to recoup some of my losses and build up another studio," explains Ace.

Following the fire, the Powells moved to Kalispell, which has been home to Ace and Thelma for the past decade. They purchased some acres three miles out of town, and here Ace has a private studio in his home, but in Kalispell there is a gallery named in his honor which stocks much of his work, as well at that of other artists.

Today, at age 63, Ace has to have a little more seclusion than in younger years, but he exercises daily and keeps one of his Arabian horses close

Helen Clark photo.

Ace had an Ace of Diamonds on his studio door. Here he holds a mountain goat which he fashioned. (This picture was taken some years ago when he lived at Hungry Horse, Montana. It is a wood carving he holds.)

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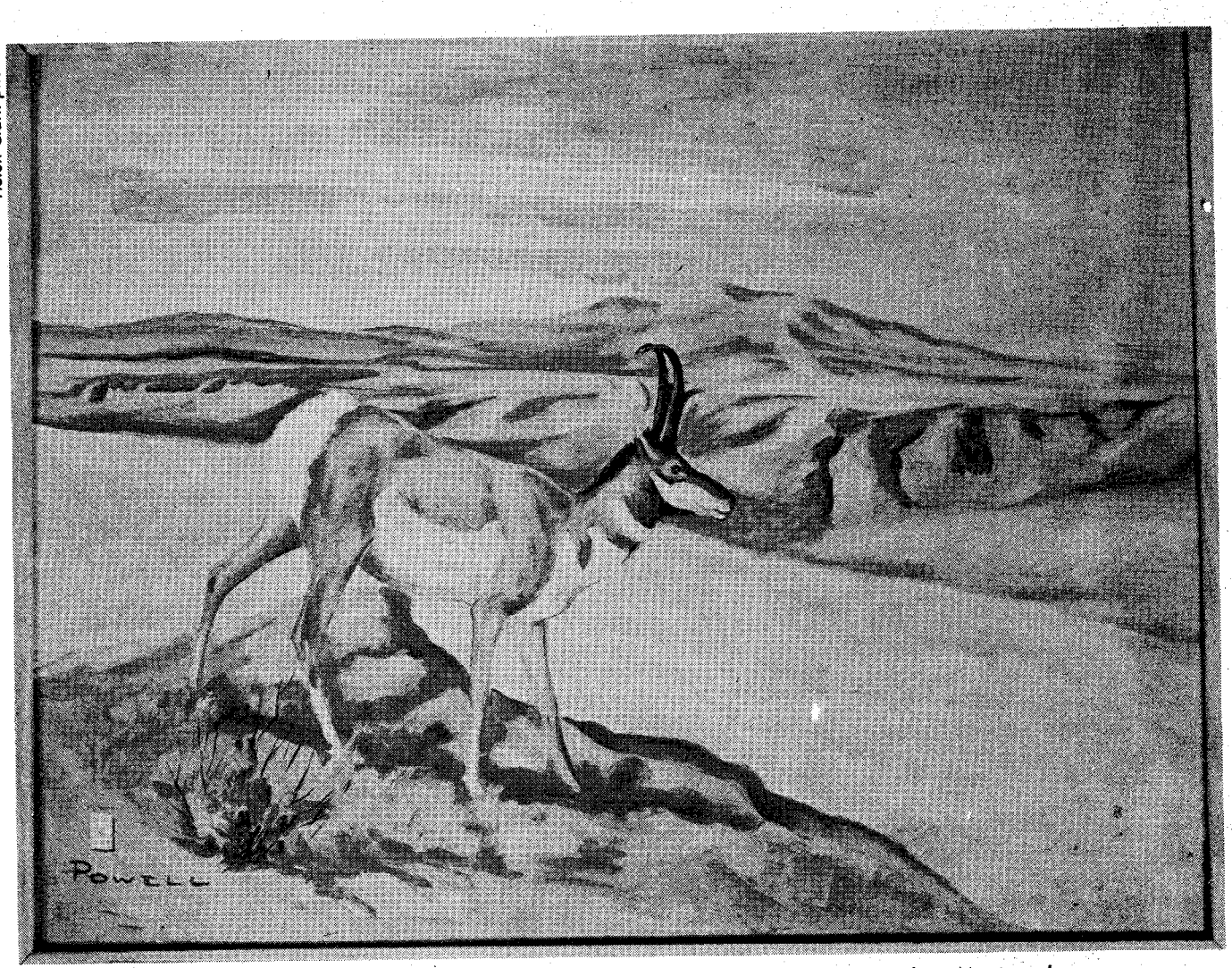
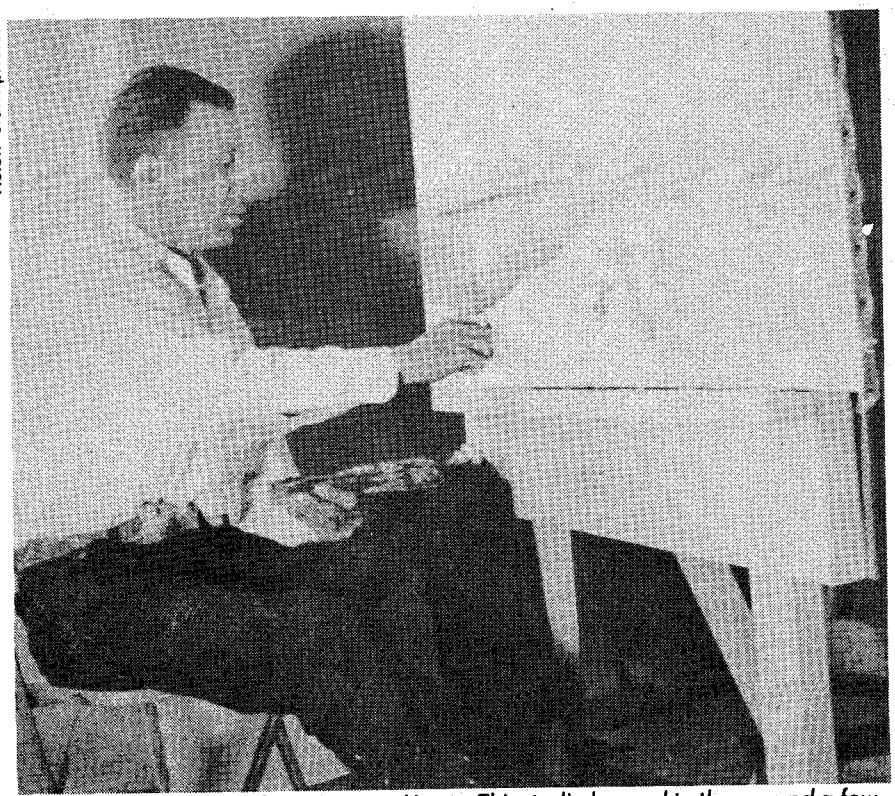


This is an oil painting by Ace of a pronghorn. The antelope is on the alert for intruders. Montana has many of these beautiful animals.

Helen Clark photo.



Ace Powell at his studio in Hungry Horse. This studio burned to the ground a few years back.

at hand to ride in the company of his children.

In painting with oils on canvas, Ace has a style all his own, often using the palate knife to get the rough, raw, but not crude, atmosphere of the West, which he feels is still a young country, its history hardly 100 years old; his art captures its vigorous and unregimented life.

When a critic once asked Powell why he didn't paint in a smoother, more sensitive style which would be pleasing to the eye, such as that of Raphael, Ace answered: "Raphael was painting angels, and Montana wasn't settled by angels. It took something more materialistic than that, or maybe it was a case of 'fools go forth ...' "

Ace disregards many of the accepted academic rules passed down from Europe, for he prefers to paint the West with a strong combination of color and form, profusely cast about.

To those who wish to invest in paintings, Ace gives this advice: "Buy what you like. Price and name do not

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PEDDLERS AND DRUMMERS

by Sam Henderson

In 1889, the Oklahoma Territory had been opened for settlement, and the land rush was on! Thousands of settlers whooped across the empty prairie, staked claims, laid out townsites, and opened stores. This is the story of the hardy men who supplied those pioneers.

The Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

Medical supply drummer shows his wares.

"There's opportunity there!" J.W. Pryer jubilantly shouted. "There's opportunity—"

"Where?" his wife excitedly demanded.

"In the Unassigned Lands! In the Unassigned Lands of the Indian Territory!"

The month was May; the year, 1889. Only a few weeks before, "the Oklahoma country" had been opened for settlement. Thousands upon thousands of hopeful fortune hunters had whoopingly swept across the previously bare prairies. They'd laid out hundreds of homesteads, established dozens of towns, and opened scores of stores.

"Yes sirree!" Pryer shouted out again. "Scores of stores! And alla them with empty shelves!"

He hoped to fill these. He, a wholesaler, hoped to supply the region's many retailers. He hoped to supply the merchants, the traders, the saloon keepers, and candle makers.

"I'm gonna be like Adam Gimbel!" he openly boasted. "And Marshall Field! And Benjamin Altman!"

These super salesmen then owned giant merchandizing centers in the East. But they'd once tramped the frontier with packs on their backs. They'd for many long years "peddled goods door to door."

"Yes sirree!" Pryer cried. "They were once just like me! Now I'm gonna be like them!"

His Topeka neighbors blinked their eyes in disbelief. They watched in surprise as he packed several conestoga wagons down with supplies. They watched him place comforts and conveniences alongside absolute necessities.

"You're not afraid of that wild country with its many hazards?" they asked.

Pryer busily shrugged these concerned friends aside. There was opportunity out there. That was worth all the risks.

His wife wasn't so sure. She'd heard "so so much" about the dangers endlessly braved in the newly opened territory. A "drummer" traveling alone there could at any moment be caught in the midst of a raging tornado. Or at the mercy of murderous desperados.

"I'll live through 'er all," Pryer assured her. "I'll live to tell about 'er."

He did just that. Years later, he described the following developments in memoirs. Copies of these are readily available among the Oklahoma Historical Society archives. (They can be found in volumes of *Sturm's Oklahoma Magazine.)*

He began his story in the roar and fury of the 1889 land rush. He ended the narrative in the oil boom's nitroglycerin blasts. In between, he fully described the roles played by drummers in the opening of the West.

These were as exciting as those of marshals, scouts, prospectors, saloon keepers, and Cavalry troopers. Pryer himself once held a repeating rifle against the neck of a murderous desperado. He later left his captive's gang behind in a cloud of dust. He and his wife still later almost lost their lives in a raging storm.

He lived through all this without getting rich. But he watched a fellow drummer become more wealthy than either Altman, Field, or Gimbel. Harry Ford Sinclair, after selling medical supplies throughout the Indian Territory, accumulated more than $80,000,000.

The craftiness acquired through drumming experiences enabled him to survive. Without that, and a double-barreled shotgun, he could never have become involved in the oil business. He could never have founded the petroleum company which today still bears his name.

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The Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

A drummer shows merchant his wares.

These developments will be described later, but let's first see how Pryer fared in the Indian Nations. Let's ride with him across the Oklahoma Territory.

He shared his most exciting night with a fellow drummer named Fleming Fenn. They spent most of the day before, canvassing the streets of Pawnee. They sold almost an entire supply of goods there.

"Yes," Pryer enthusiastically cried. "And we'll most likely sell even more in Oklahoma City."

They were due there that evening. The region's most prosperous merchant was anxiously awaiting their arrival. So they rushed to the transport station.

Once there, they found that the southbound coach had just departed. There wouldn't be another until early morning.

"What'll we do?" they wondered.

A cold-eyed, bushy-faced plainsman provided the answer. He agreed to take them to Red Rock. From there they could catch a later stage. They'd then reach Oklahoma City on schedule.

"You got a buggy?" the drummers asked. "You got a team?"

"I've got those — and more."

Before either could react, he produced a whiskey jug. They each politely refused a drink. He then took three for himself.

"That's fuel," he said with a wink, "for the journey ahead."

The drummers exchanged questioning glances. This man was obviously intoxicated. Could he—

"I c'n get ye through," he insisted.

He immediately proved this. Ably handling the reins, he brought them safely through several deep draws and dense gulches. He seemed determined to get them to Red Rock on schedule.

"Yes siree—" he said. "I'll get ye there."

Up ahead Pryer could see the road forking. He knew one lane led to Perry and another to Pawnee. He wasn't sure about the third—

Which the stranger took. He offered an explanation while furiously flailing the team. This little known route bypassed the Osage reservation.

"I'm savin' time," he insisted. "I'm savin' time."

The drummers once again exchanged curious glances. Was this man telling the truth?

The answer was soon provided. Right then he turned into an even thinner lane. This led into heavy foliage.

Pryer's hand instantly dropped. He brought a Winchester repeating rifle from beneath his luggage. The man half turned and found the barrel against his cheek.

"Wha — wha—" he stammered.

"Turn the team," Pryer flatly ordered. "Turn the team now."

He did, but not toward Red Rock. He saw at a glance that the drummers were completely bewildered. They'd lost all sense of direction in the gathering darkness.

He thus easily brought them up against a steep embankment. Then suddenly he began wildly flailing the horses; both madly plunged over. In that same instant he leaped clear. The drummers were thrown from the thrashing rig. They landed in the raging stream below.

Swimming against the swift current, they managed to reach shore. They saw no sign of the stranger, but his buggy was rapidly sinking. And the horses had somehow broken free.

Wearily they trudged across the plains and into Pawnee. Friends there were surprised to find them still alive; arrangements had even been made for their funerals.

"Why?" Pryer demanded.

"Ye left with Charlie Pierce. The last man doin' so didn't come back."

Pryer gulped. Fleming trembled. Both felt their blood turn cold.

They knew Pierce to be the most murderous of that region's many desperados. He rode with the Dalton

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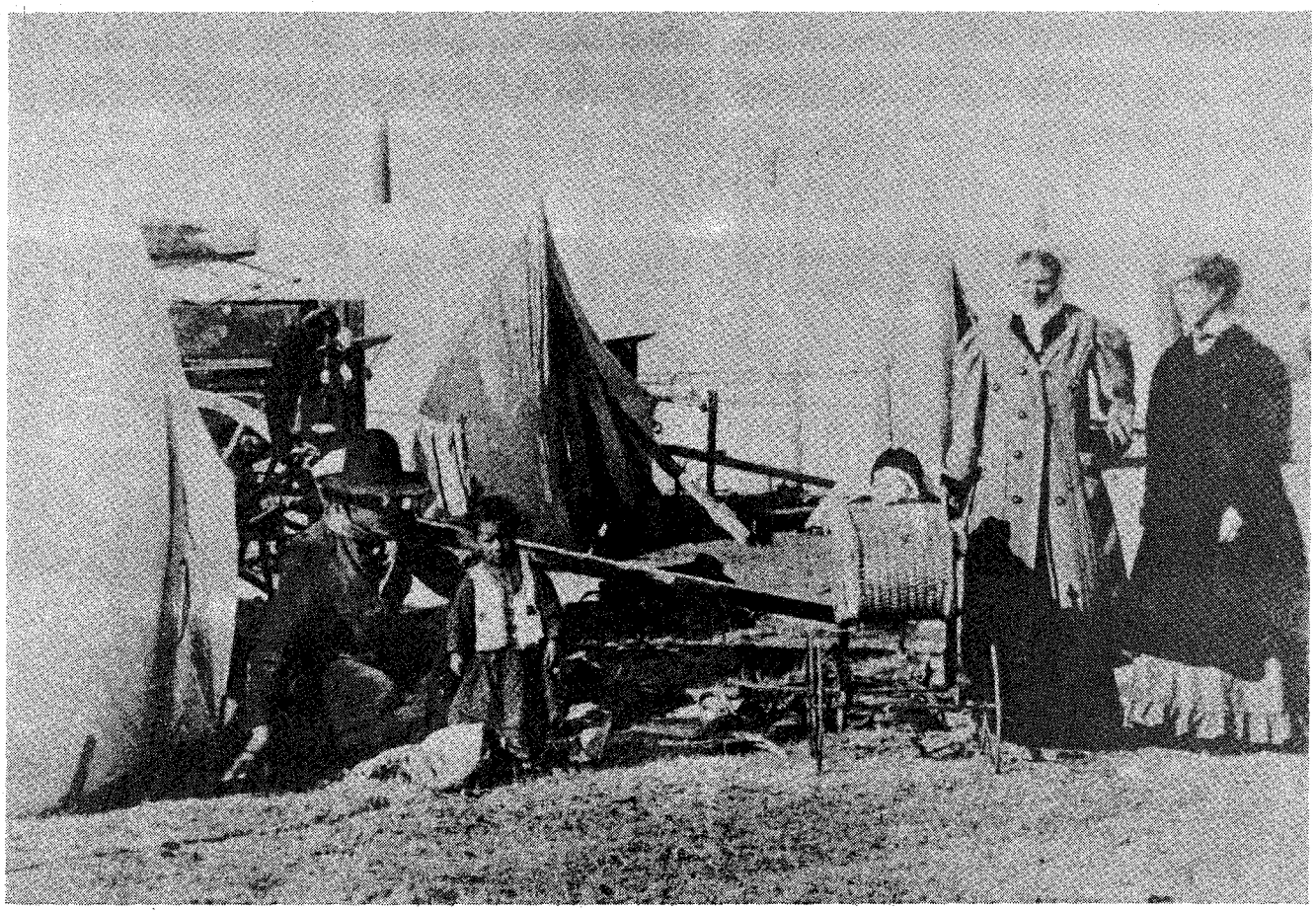

Peddlers' wives in Indian village.

gang. He killed at the least provocation.

"Do— do—" Pryer cried, "you think he might—"

"Let's just hope—"

"That— that—"

"That he doesn't get the chance."

He would.

Fenn, like most bachelor drummers, left a sweetheart behind in every town along his route. A snappy dresser, he generally began his romancing in the hotel dining room. He began by trying to cadge a second piece of pie from the waitress.

While failing at this, he always succeeded in stealing a kiss. This delight always led to desires for more. Those were often enjoyed "out among the honeysuckle vines."

"Oh-hh" the cries arose, "you're so irresistible—"

Most girls agreed with this estimation. Few could resist a drummer's advances. In their eyes he was "a man of the world." He'd been everywhere and did everything. He'd personally met that day's greater heroes. He'd dined with presidents and kings.

"He's just a dream," they cried.

Their yearnings eventually reached Pryer's wife. She immediately suspected her husband at least partially responsible. That would explain his many absences.

"You believe I'm—"

The woman didn't bother replying. Her meaning was obvious. She'd already smelled perfume.

"I — I" Pryer stammered, "sell perfume."

"To whom?"

"To the merchants. To the traders."

"Can I meet them? Can I question them?"

"You want to—"

"I'm going to. Either that or file for divorce."

Pryer didn't want that. So he helped her up and onto the buckboard. He placed their four - year - old child alongside. They were soon off and away on the regular route. They hoped to cover both Perkins and Stillwater in just two days. They hoped futilely—

For a raging storm caught them in between. Fury suddenly burst from the heavens above. The lightning flashed fiercely and the thunder rumbled angrily.

Pryer blinked his eyes against the driving rain. He knew this would leave the river flooded. They couldn't proceed toward Stillwater, and it was too late to fall back.

"We've got to find lodging somewhere," he said.

They desperately tried. Several strange men refused to let them enter one house. The couple at another had children with measles.

At the third they received a more favorable reaction. An elderly couple provided the utmost in hospitality. They provided warm beds and a hot meal.

Pryer awakened that following morning to find the entire countryside flooded. He blinked his eyes in despair. Customers were anxiously awaiting his arrival in Stillwater.

"How'll I get there?" he asked himself.

Suddenly his eyes alighted upon a nearby canoe. He quickly filled this with goods. Then he paddled across to the nearby town.

"I always reach my customers!" he bellowed. "I always—"

The traders were certainly glad. Most of their stock had been destroyed in the flood, so they gladly bought out his entire supply.

Returning, he found his wife still pouting. She hadn't met the Stillwater merchants. She hadn't questioned them.

"You can do that on the next trip," Pryer said.

"You'll let me go on the next?"

"Yes. Maybe it won't be so eventful."

As we shall see, it would be even more so.

In October of 1892 Pryer read in

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newspapers of the Dalton gang's demise. Two of the three brothers had died while attempting to simultaneously rob two banks in Coffeyville, Kansas. The third had been captured.

Always before, these bandit leaders had controlled their lawless followers. They absolutely prohibited cold-blooded murder; they bravely protected innocent citizens.

Now without restraint, the midnight marauders would most likely go on a murderous rampage. They'd undoubtedly ride down all those falling into their paths.

"The poor drummers" would certainly be included. While carrying their trade from town to town, they almost always rode alone, so they would prove to be "easy prey."

Pryer and Fenn were especially concerned. Charlie Pierce had never forgotten the river plunge. He still blamed them for the loss of his buggy. He vowed to "somehow make them pay."

Some years later, Pryer did. He and his wife, while freighting supplies across the plains, suddenly happened on an outlaw camp. Although caught completely by surprise, they slowly proceeded through, hoping to avoid notice.

They didn't. A few seconds later, Pryer glanced over his shoulder. He saw bandits swinging astride horses; he recognized Charlie Pierce.

"Oh-hh no-oo-" he moaned. "Oh-God, no-oo-"

His voice was instantly drowned out by gunfire. Bullets tore through the buggy. He desperately flailed the horses—

They hit Hell Roaring Creek in a burst of fury. He almost lost control. His screaming wife fell back among the supplies.

Suddenly up ahead, Pryer saw more gunmen. They burst from the heavily foliaged shore and wildly waved repeating rifles.

"Oh-hh no-oo-" Pryer moaned out again. "Oh-hh God, no-oo-"

Then he realized that these men were honest workmen. They were firing at the outlaws. They "cut drive" from behind rocks and boulders.

Pierce quickly called off the attack. He fiercely waved his followers back. He wanted no part of an all out battle.

His wife was almost hysterical. The laborers rushed to her aid. They brought water and whiskey.

"We were workin' nearby," their foreman said. "We heard gunfire. We knew that meant trouble. And so came runnin'."

"Thank God," Pryer breathed.

He continued for several months to live in fear of Pierce. Then, finally, on May 2nd, 1895 the outlaw died in a burst of gunfire outside Pawnee on the Dunn Ranch grounds.

Pryer often found women running to meet his wagon.

"Ye got any shoes?" a lady might demand.

"Ye got any Gingham lace?"

"Ye got any calico roll?"

Always upon such instances, Pryer threw up his hands in despair. "Ladies—ladies—" he cried. "I'm no peddler. I'm a drummer. I supply your merchants. They, in turn, supply you."

"We want what they ain't got."

"Then you'll hafta wait for the shinny."

That worthy, although almost completely forgotten today, played an important role in the history of the frontier. He provided the pioneer folk with comforts and conveniences not available elsewhere.

He provided the ladies with gingham apron, Hamburg lace, and calico roll. He provided the gents with beaded vests, rattlesnake cravats, and "diamond" stick pins. He provided the kiddies with taffy and peppermint.

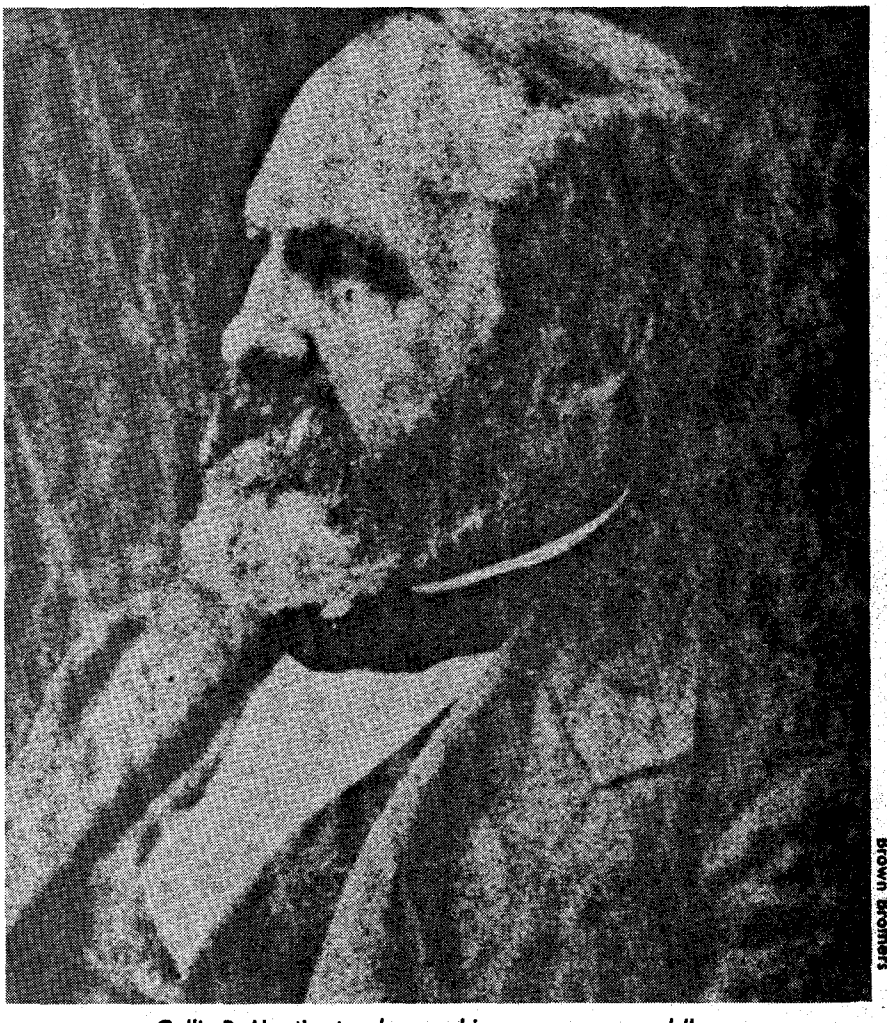
"Yes siree," he jubilantly shouted. "I've got something for any 'n' everybody."

He had something even for the hostile Indians. He bravely visited the villages which others fearfully avoided. He visited the villages of the Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, Kiowa and Arapaho.

These savages considered him a friend. He, unlike other white men, didn't attempt to steal their land. He neither cheated nor lied to them. Instead, he provided needed conveniences. (Some peddlers were even so bold as to bring wives into Indian camps.)

Among the Cherokees they were known as "egg eaters." Being of Jewish religious beliefs, they couldn't eat many of the foods readily available on the frontier. So they often existed entirely on hard boiled eggs (which could easily be carried from place to place).

Several of these "yankee peddlers" helped open the great American West. Meyer Guggenheim spent his



Brown Brothers

Collis P. Huntington began his career as a peddler.

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early youth transporting goods across the frontier. Later he began manufacturing his own lace. Still later, he smelted the copper brought from Colorado mines.

Two former peddlers helped build the transcontinental railroad. Jim Fisk laid the lines down from the East. Collis Potter Huntington laid the Southern Pacific through the California mining fields.

Meantime, medicine showmen were touring the West in their gayly painted wagons. They claimed to have bottled "the cure for everything." They rapidly exchanged their products for dollar bills.

Between sales they provided free entertainment.

One pulled rabbits from an oversized hat. Another sawed lady assistants in half. Still another put on "an almost complete Wild West show." Yet another brought "black face pantomime direct from New York's Broadway."

Their trail often crossed that of Harry Ford Sinclair. Harry was a drummer. He sold medical supplies in large and small towns throughout the Indian Territory.

He started his business career clerking in his family's Crystal Palace Drug Store on the town square in Independence, Kansas. He'd been behind the counter there when the Mid Continent oil boom burst. He immediately realized the possibilities in nearby Indian country.

Hastily he pulled off his apron. He bought himself a buggy and team. He packed this down with medical supplies.

Soon he was supplying the Oklahoma druggists in towns like Pawhuska, Tulsa, Sapulpa, Dewey, and Bartlesville. Meantime he eyed the newly opened oil fields. He saw several possible profitable leases. He saw what "a few thousand dollars could do."

"But" he woefully told J.W. Pryer and Flemming Fenn, "I haven't got that."

There was means for getting it. A few weeks later his shotgun "unexpectedly" exploded. The blast tore off his big toe.

"I'm crippled for life," he wailed.

His insurance adjusters didn't agree. They found most of his foot still intact. Too, they almost immediately became suspicious about the so-called accident.

"What's that mean?" Harry demanded.

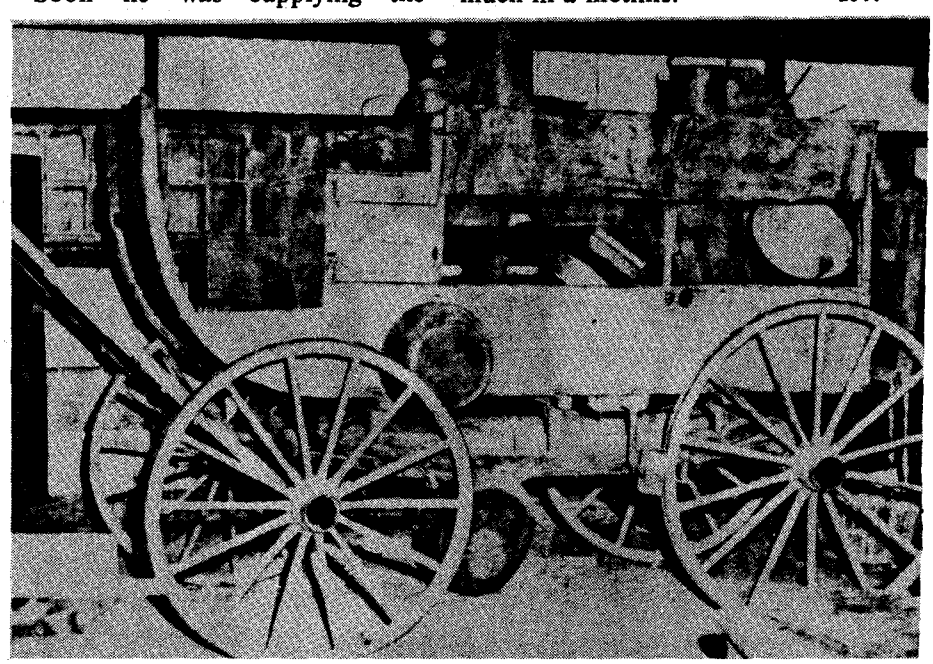
"That we're not paying. We know what you're up to."

Harry promptly took them into court. A jury ordered them to pay $5000. He used that to get into the oil business.

For the rest of his life Harry used that drummer-like craftiness. He accumulated fortunes in the newly opened Oklahoma fields. Then moving east, he sold the first oil bonds on Wall Street. In large and small deals, he accumulated an estate estimated at $82,000,000.

But that wasn't enough. In 1921 he tried to illegally tap the government's Teapot Dome petroleum reserve. As a result, he served a brief sentence in a federal penitentiary.

Those familiar with his background weren't surprised. Only a drummer could accomplish so much in a lifetime. ●RW



A tin peddler's wagon.

Old museum Village of Smith's Clove, Monroe, N.Y.

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WESTERN GUNMEN

(continued from page 18)

traditional single action in every respect, it has a hidden safety feature that permits loading with all six cartridges with no danger of accidental discharge. This safety will not be forgotten, as a manual safety might be. Yet, with the cylinder fully loaded and hammer in the safety notch, the gun can be dropped or take a direct blow on the hammer without firing. This reliable "safety disconnect" led me to select this arm for a firearm training course for Explorer Boy Scouts and other youth programs.

The Trailblazer is the .22 version of the Cattleman revolver. It combines the authentic lines and handling properties of a rugged single action with the advantages of the .22 — inexpensive shooting, fine accuracy, light report and negligible recoil. Yet when more power is desired, simply remove one cylinder and slip in the other one. The revolver becomes a hard-hitting .22 Magnum!

Quality is further reflected in the forged steel frame and machined parts. The traditional look is enhanced by the solid brass grip straps and trigger guard, one-piece American walnut grip and beautiful case-hardened frame. The adjustable target sights are designed not to snag in a holster.

With a century of history behind it, its classic good looks, safety features and interchangeable cylinders, I heartily recommend this Cattleman as a most versatile revolver. It is my choice for any western Americana buff who seriously wishes to learn the handling of a typical single-action arm, and with minimum outlay. Your local sporting goods dealer will show you one.

One closing thought, and it is an important one. If the reader does have a deep interest in all facets of frontier history, he cannot be blamed for wishing to try the fast-draw techniques. But *please,* if you must do it, do it sensibly. By all means, join a fast-draw club in your area if possible. If not feasible, then remember their cardinal rule: do *not* try it with a loaded revolver! Even blanks should be treated with respect.

In a future article of this new series, we will explore the detailed handling of some other traditional western firearms. ●**RW**

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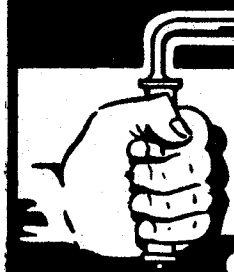

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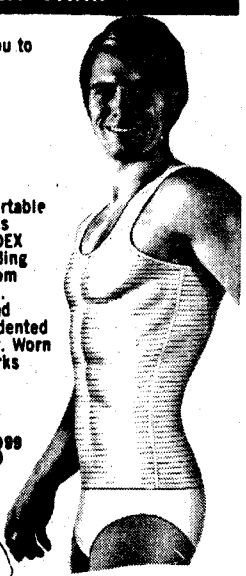

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

DEATH OF LT. CASEY

One of the saddest incidents of the recent Indian trouble was the assassination of Lieutenant E.W. Casey, who was killed by a Brule Indian at White Clay Creek. While out with a companion watching the hostile Indian camp, he was met by two Indians, an Ogalalla and a Brule. The former warned him that the latter could not be trusted, and the lieutenant, after some conversation, turned away with the view of rejoining his command. As he did so the Brule fired, striking him in the back of the head and killing him instantly. The assassination created a great deal of excitement among the troops and the friendly Indians, by whom the lieutenant was greatly esteemed.

Lieutenant Casey was the founder of the organized Indian scouts employed as an aid to the regular troops, and was captain of the first company organized by the War Department — Troop A, Indian Scouts. He was a brother of General Thomas I. Casey, the Chief Engineer of the Army, and was about forty years of age. He had great confidence in the possibility in utilizing the Indians in the Federal service, under proper conditions, and was working earnestly in the interest of the Indians themselves. He had a reputation in the army of possessing an unusual accurate knowledge of the whole Indian question. He was, in a sense, an enthusiast in his work. The Secretary of War, in speaking of him, says he had such excellent plans, and that his methods of work were so admirably designed to bring out the self-reliance and awaken the confidence of the Indian, that his decease is a peculiarly serious loss. He employed the Indians at first in cutting out logs to built their own camps; then they were thoroughly drilled and disciplined, and the results have fully justified his confidence. Lieutenant Casey's body was recovered and brought East, and laid away among his kindred in Rhode Island.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 28, 1891

THE RECENT INDIAN TROUBLES

The late disturbance in the Sioux country did not last very long, and, aside from the conflict at Wounded Knee Creek, the casualties were rather few, but the serious nature of the matter — for a long and bloody appeared probable — attracted the greatest attention all over the nation.

For a campaign which promised so much and was so abruptly terminated, there were an unusual number of stirring incidents. The army in and around Pine Ridge was larger than had been gathered together since 1865, and the number of hostile Indians exceeded those engaged in any war in many years. Their great weakness was the absence of a chief like Sitting Bull whose wonderful ability to foment trouble would have prevented any negotiation toward peace.

The one chief of importance among the Ogalallas and Brules who held out for peace from the beginning was American Horse. Young - Man - Afraid - of - His - Horses, who aided General Miles so much toward the close of the campaign, was also friendly, but he was away with is people on a hunting expedition and did not return until about the middle of January. All the credit for bringing the affair to a peaceful solution has been given to this chief, and though he is entitled to great praise for the work accomplished, it should not be forgotten that the man who stood by us through thick and thin was American Horse. Leiutenant Taylor's scouts were members of his band, and they were always to be depended upon to bring reliable information from the hostile camp. Without them to depend on, matters would have been in a complicated condition. When the ghost-dancers entered the friendly camps south of the Agency and endeavored to perfect a plan which would result in a massacre of our entire camp, American Horse again proved himself a friend to the whites by blocking the scheme and then sent word to headquarters exposing it. Soon afterward a Brule hot-head rode into the Agency and announced his intention of killing the chief on sight, a purpose which he did not succeed in accomplishing.

A grand council was held between the Ogalallas and the Brules. It was the greatest event of that character since Sitting Bull's palmy days. Every chief of any consequence, excepting poor old Red Cloud, who was in bad odor for the peculiar part he played in the trouble, was present, and nearly all spoke. The address of American Horse was especially able, and so was that Young - Man - Afraid - of His - Horses. All the chiefs sat in a circle, the old men back of them, and then the braves and squaws were allowed the privilege of a rear view. After all had spoken a feast was spread, the principal feature of which was stewed puppy, a delicacy served at all Indian dinners of importance.

Of the men who did serious service none deserve more praise than brave Paul Weinert, the slender little corporal of Light Battery E, First Artillery, who attracted so much attention because of his intrepid conduct at Wounded Knee. There were noteworthy incidents at that fight, but the men who fought at the front agree that young Weinert's services were of a character which should be substantially rewarded.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 14, 1891

CHEROKEE STRIP TO OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT

While it is undoubtedly the purpose of the Government, by just negotiation and earnest effort, to open the lands of the Cherokee outlet or Strip to settlement at as early a date as may be admissible, it is apparently its purpose to prevent the invasion of these lands by would-be settlers, until such time as perfectly legitimate conditions can be established. Not only so, but if we are to judge from an order recently issued by the Secretary of the Interior, boomers who attempt to locate upon the lands will be peremptorily removed, and will forfeit any rights they might otherwise acquire by obedience of the law.

During the latter part of February a large number of people entered the Strip. It is said that as many as 200 families crossed the line in one day at Kansas City, while at other points along the border the invasion was almost equally as great. Some of these invaders are said to have been caught by very severe weather, and it is reported that a number of them suffered considerably from the want of fuel and suitable provisions.

With the view of arresting and expelling these settlers, a detachment of K Troop, Cavalry, and a body of Indian scouts were dispatched from Arkansas City, Kansas, and

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at the last accounts occupied and patroled a line twenty-five miles long, ejecting the boomers and preventing any further ingress into the disputed territory. It is understood that arms and ammunition will be confiscated, and all houses and stationary tents erected by the new-comers will be burned.

While the action of the Government will be regarded as severe in some quarters, there can be no question as to the propriety. The law governing the occupation of this as well as other territories of the nation must be rigidly enforced, and the sooner this fact comes to be understood the better it will be for all concerned.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 21, 1891 ●RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

both might appear on the same robe if painted by a man.

Naturalistic forms of men, animals and objects were painted in profile, in flat color and without background. There were no highlights or shadows in the painting of men and animals on buffalo hide, and a figure could be near or far with no difference in size. Composition was limited to small scenes, and might show a number of scenes as well as isolated figures.

Geometric figures and patterns were put on the parfleche cases by women. The tipi cover might have geometric figures at the bottom and naturalistic figures in between. Shields were painted with both types of designs. Naturalistic figures on it represented the guardian spirit the owner had received in a vision, and thereafter was believed to be his protection.

Up to the nineteenth century, most of the embroidery was done by porcupine quill. The women first softened the quills in water, flattened them and dyed them various colors. When sewn into the tanned hide, they gave a glossy straw-like look. After beads became more in use, floral designs as well as human and animal figures were used.

Names were applied to the geometrical designs, but the name for a single element, like a triangle, might vary among the tribes. Color symbolism also differed among the tribes. Red to the Dakota suggested thunder or sunset, while to the Arapaho it had the meaning of rock, earth, man, blood, as well as sunset. The Crow believed it to represent ownership of property and also longevity.

Much of the beautiful quill work of the early Plains tribes, as well as some of the bead work, is lost. The beaded rawhide dresses, shirts and moccasins have been allowed to become tatters. A few of the painted works are found in buffalo robes, the winter counts, and ghost shirts.

There will be another article covering the art of the Desert tribes and the tribes of the Northeast coast. ●RW

ACE POWELL

(continued from page 53)

matter, but your feeling toward the work of art is all-important. If you have an emotional response to the painting, and you feel you will continue to have this response when you view it, buy it, for you are the one who will have to live with it and look at it day after day, and you are the one who should be pleased with it. Too often people buy art to impress others, whereas the art which impresses the purchaser is what matters."

And to those who are painting, he

(continued on page 64)

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BUNKHOUSE BOOKSHELF

THE AMERICAN INDIAN FROM BEGINNING TO END
By Jack Doyle
Vantage Press, Inc.
516 West 34th Street
New York, NY 10001
$6.95 Illustrated 241 pages

As the title suggests, in this book Jack Doyle traces the history of the American Indian from the beginning — in prehistoric times — to the present. It is a fascinating overview not only of the Indian's evolution, beginning many millenniums ago, but of man's evolution in general — his struggles with the great beasts of prehistory, the saber-toothed tiger and the mammoth among others — and the tribulations and migrations of the great Ice Ages, which eventually led to the establishment of the Indian on the North and South American continents.

Along the way the author presents a capsule survey of how and what we know about prehistoric man — the methods of dating used, the great "finds" in various places of North America, and he interprets these to show the probable origin and dispersion of the Indian in the New World. In a chaper entitled "Rules of Evolution" he presents in simplified form many of the concepts necessary to a correct interpretation of evidence from the past.

He then discusses the way of life of the Indian as it developed in the East, the West, and on the Great Plains: differences and similarities among these groups are explored.

The transition from hunting to agricultural societies is delineated, and the major cultural groups — East, West, and Plains — are described and evaluated. He presents the Indian's first and subsequent sad and many times atrocious encounters with the white man, whose philosophy of individualism so differed from the drives of the Indian. This subject is explored further in a section on massacres, particularly in a section on religion, and the modern relevance of the white man's attitude.

THE ROAD TO THE LITTLE BIG HORN — AND BEYOND
By Alban W. Hoopes
Vantage Press, Inc.
516 West 34th Street
New York, NY 10001
$9.50 Illustrated 336 pages

Few episodes in American history are as dramatic as the encounters between red men and whites — sometimes peaceful, usually violent — that preceded the battle of the Little Big Horn, "the most spectacular battle in the history of the West."

Drawing extensively on first-hand accounts of individuals on both sides of the conflict, Dr. Hoopes describes the many aspects of the confrontations in the American West from the mid-1860s through the early 1880s. The reader is carried along, from the infamous Chivington massacre at Sand Creek in 1864 to Sitting Bull's return from Canada in 1881.

The interminable cycle of treaty-making and breaking; the character of the white and Indian protagonists; the grisly battles that often doomed innocent settlers and friendly Indians alike, the political ramifications of the flight of the Sioux into Canada: these and many other elements of the story have been researched and recounted in this book.

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LYNCHING OF A LADY

(continued from page 11)

"Our Father who art in heaven..."

Midway through the orison, her voice trembled and trailed away. Tom Jones picked up the words and brought them to an end.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory..."

When the Amen was said, Jones was shoved roughly forward, and his sister was jerked to her feet. Four men, two on each side of the prisoners, marched them to the south end of the railroad trestle which cleared the Little Blue River. Here the victims were prodded down the bank alongside the pilings into the cold, shallow water until they reached a sandbar beneath the bridge.

Two horses were brought over, splashing across the stream. A set of nooses was lowered from the steel span above. The hangman's knots were adjusted and dropped around the necks of Liz and her brother. The nervous night riders shouldered them into saddles.

Someone pulled a revolver. A burst of gunfire scared the horses, and they bolted from the sandbar. The two bodies dangled down...

They were left hanging for more than 12 hours, perhaps as an example to others. No one went near the stiff, lifeless figures. At half past three the next afternoon, the coroner cut them down. The widow's mother claimed the bodies, burying them secretly in the Spring Ranch cemetery next to Jim Taylor.

Elizabeth Taylor was the first and last woman to be lynched in Nebraska.

When it was all over, her two boys were released from jail, and custody was granted to their grandmother. At the inquest, vinegary Judge Gaslin succinctly summed up the case.

"Well," he opined, "it looks like these are *two* judgments the Supreme Court won't be able to reverse."

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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ACE POWELL

(continued from page 61)

insists they give their own individuality a chance to express itself. "So what if no one else has offered the point of view you do? Dare to be original, and if you want, break a few of the rules of painting; art rules were made to instruct, but there is no law saying they may not be broken. Paint as you feel and let your subconscious express itself, for you are the one who is speaking in color and form. Dare to be different."

Ace has had many pupils through the years and many one-man shows from the Canadian border, and over it, to the Mexican border and below. He has been honored repeatedly by his own and neighboring states. His works are cherished by outdoor people — ranchers, outfitters and guides, naturalists, Indian enthusiasts, cowboys, rodeo and movie and TV stars, and by city people who have never sat a horse.

The western motif that Ace loves is loved by thousands of others, and now that cowboy art has come into its own, Ace is internationally famous. Some of his children are also proving to be artists in their own right, one son a fine hand at sculpturing, as is Ace, but paintings seem to take precedence today over the media with the elder Powell. To the Blackfeet Indians, Ace is known as Um ag ska si, meaning "Big Nose."

The author of this article and her late husband, Butch (who died in 1973), cherished this illustrated letter from Ace and wife:

"Oke! Our friends Butch & Helen:
many suns have pased since we smoked together — our heart is on the ground because our friends are many days ride over the hills. It is not good. But come again to our lodge; there is fat meat and much tobacco — the robe will be spread and the pipe lit for Good Rider and Writing Woman in the Lodge of Um ag ska si and Napiaki. Ho! It is good.

Um ag ska si (Big Nose) and Na pi aki (White Woman)"

Fans and collectors will be delighted with Ace's performance in the western movie, *Winterhawk,* in which Ace plays the role of the father of Winterhawk. ●**RW**

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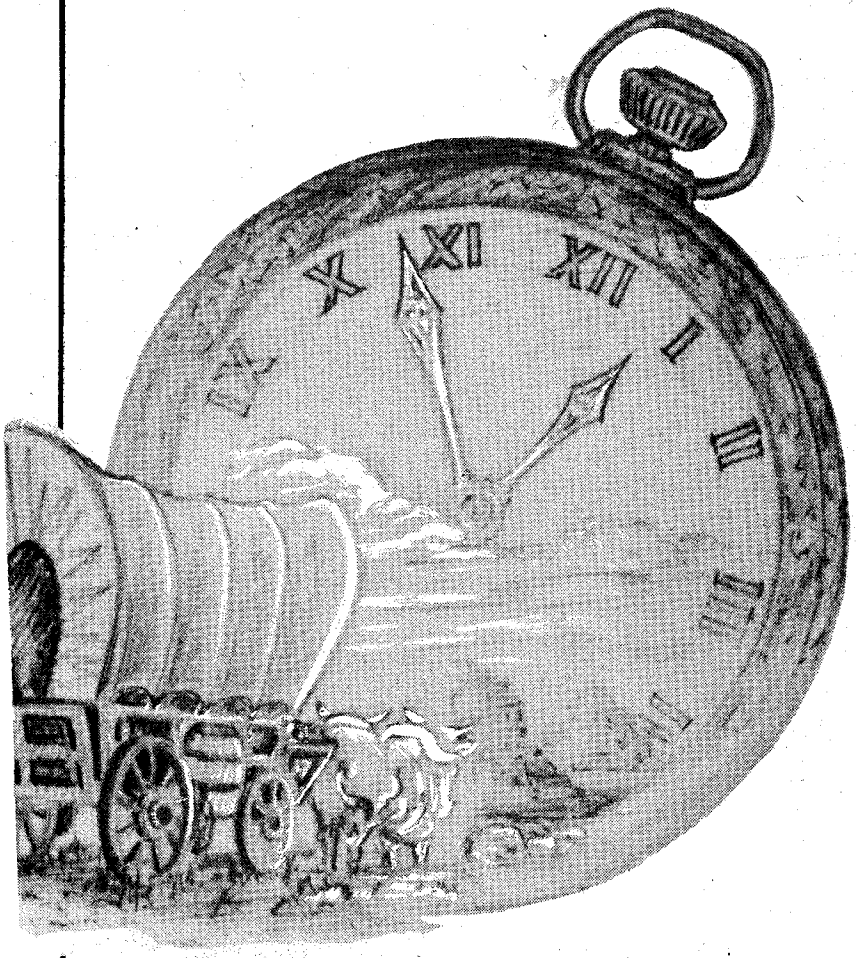

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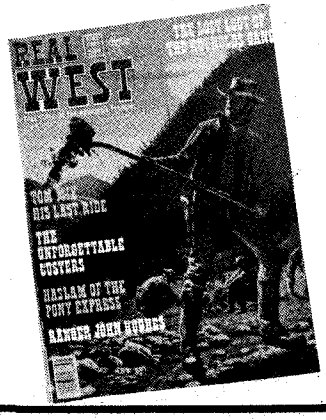

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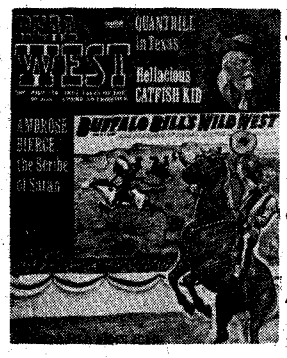

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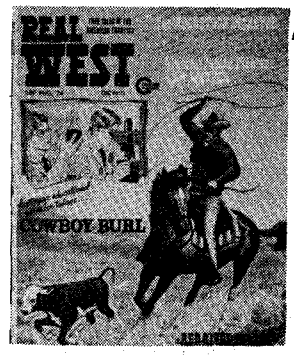

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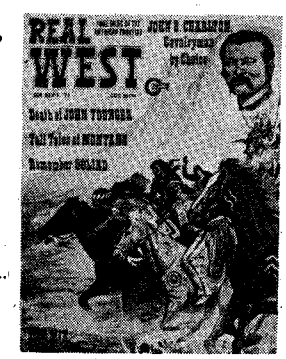
The WOODSTOCK DISASTER

A Man For Breakfast

Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL

COWBOY BURL

RED RIVER VALLEY



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Death of JOHN YOUNGER

Tall Tales of MONTANA

Remember GOLIAD

JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.

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Ambush at BLACK ROCKS

What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN

I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD

O. HENRY IN TEXAS

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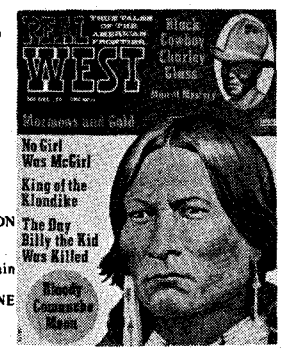
A man called BAT

RUBE BURROW train robber

DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.



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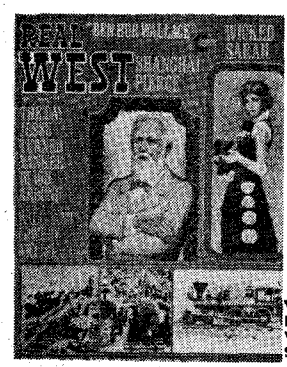
Black cowboy CHARLEY GLASS

Bloody COMANCHE MOON

The day BILLY the KID was killed

KING of the KLONDIKE



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WILL JAMES, cowboy artist

RAILS across the SIERRAS

Wicked SARAH

SHANGHAI PIERCE

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The JAMESES in California

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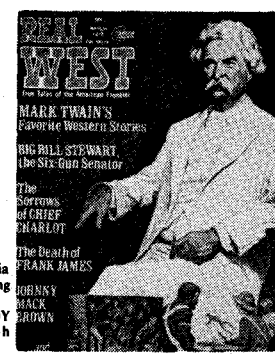
STORY OF THE COWBOY

FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your *Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own* — with a mind that is an extension of your own — *it is possible to "blend" this mind* with the mind of someone else to *find out what he or she is thinking,* and even *implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!*

• **DUPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your *Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed.* By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to *lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy* — such as *lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.*

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, *you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans* of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body *can help heal you if you are sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful* — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" *it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy* to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, *it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!*

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A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen – and won a grand total of $144,000!

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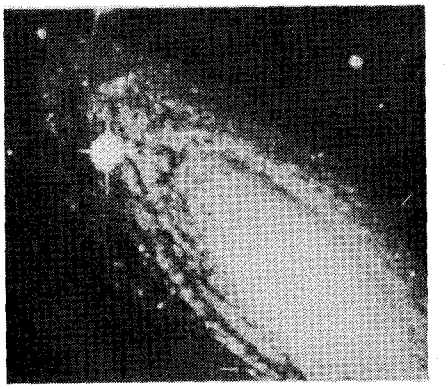

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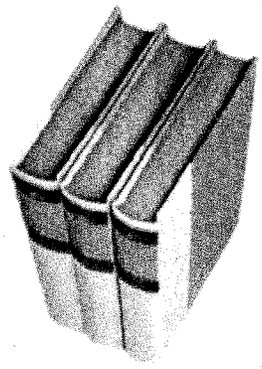

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